

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

THE book that has received most attention during the week is Mr. Kruger's "Memoirs." Columns have been written about these two volumes, with their blue silk book-markers; indeed, the criticisms would make a book of themselves. Our contribution will be found in this issue. The frontispiece to General de Wet's book on the war will be a sketch portrait of the author by Mr. Sargent, made before the Boer General left London.—The fiction of the week includes a volume containing three stories by Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Disentanglers."—We have received 144 new books and new editions since our last issue. The following is our selection of those deserving particular consideration:

NINETEENTH CENTURY ART. By D. S. MacColl.

This is a magnificent volume. The illustrations are all taken from the Fine Art Loan Collection in the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, the greater part of which illustrated the history of Art in the last hundred years. But that is not all. The text is by Mr. D. S. MacColl, the most suggestive and the most illuminating writer on art in this country. He has attempted to throw the chief figures of the period into perspective; to define their imaginative attitude; to indicate how some of them went with the drift of art special to the century, and others against it. May we express a hope that the text of this volume will be published separately? Its place on the bookshelf should be beside Mr. Stevenson's "Velasquez," and Mr. George Moore's "Modern Painting."

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN LYLY. 3 vols. Edited by R. Warwick Bond.

This edition of Lyly is a worthy result of Mr. Warwick Bond's "four years of continuous and exclusive work." Mr. Bond deals firstly with the author of "Euphues" as the first English writer who made Englishmen feel that prose was an art, and secondly as the "first regular English dramatist, the true inventor and introducer of dramatic style, conduct, and dialogue." Lyly wrote light plays just before the brilliant flood of the Elizabethan

drama, and in "Euphues" he produced the earliest English novel. To each of the plays Mr. Bond has supplied a brief introduction, and the general notes are learned and full. Certainly the volume will not be found "to fall short of the rapidly-rising standard of present-day Elizabethan scholarship."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAX MÜLLER. 2 vols. Edited by his Wife.

We already knew a good deal of Max Müller's personal history through his "Auld Lang Syne" and "Autobiography." These volumes, which may be taken as final, endeavour to present "the innermost character of the real man." The plan pursued has been to let Max Müller's letters and those of his friends illustrate his character, and the letters have been selected to illustrate the man rather than the scholar. A slight connecting narrative binds the whole together.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET. By The Intelligence Officer.

The papers here collected attracted wide attention as they appeared from month to month in "Blackwood's Magazine." The book combines many qualities—narrative power, clear-headedness, and fearlessness. The author says in his foreword: "If any should think the few criticisms which have crept into the text unjust, will they bear in mind that the regimental officer has suffered, in silence, much for the sins of others." The "few criticisms which have crept into the text" give the book a searching and practical value; the last chapter bites.

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY HUNT. By Martin Ross and E. GE. Somerville.

In the literature of racy and racial humour a new book by the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." and the "Silver Fox" is an event. Here is the beginning: "I wash meself every Sathurday morning, whether I want it or no, and 'twas washing my face I was when William Sheehan came in at the door, and it no more than ten o'clock in the morning.

"That's the way I remember 'twas a Saturday, and Pathrick's Day was Monday.

"'God bless the work!' says he.

"'You too,' says I."

By the death of Mr. G. A. Henty we lose the most prolific, and one of the most able writers of boys' books. Mr. Henty's productiveness was astonishing. Six closely printed pages of the British Museum catalogue are filled with the titles of his books, and that does not cover all his published work. This year he is so far represented in the Christmas lists by four books. Mr. Henty had a wide experience of life both as a traveller and war-correspondent; in the latter capacity he served in the Austro-Italian, Garibaldian, Abyssinian, Franco-German, Carlist, and Ashantee campaigns. This first-hand experience gave to his books their vitality and go, and he always wrote for his young readers with a healthy and manly aim. How much those young readers will miss him is sufficiently attested by his enormous popularity. Probably most school-boys, if given their choice, would select a "Henty"; the name had an unfailing charm for them, and they remained constant to it. There are many writers of his class who are popular, but it will be long before they attain an effect equal to his in the boy heart.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE lectured recently at a Working Men's College on "The Glory and Decay of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria," and he said some rather astonishing things. We should have imagined that the literary power of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton and Benjamin Disraeli had been recognised to the full; in the case of Lytton we consider that it has been seriously overrated, but Sir Edward Clarke appears to think otherwise. Our main quarrel with Sir Edward Clarke, however, arises from the statement that "to-day we have no great novelist." A lecturer addressing working men, who presumably listen to learn, should avoid sweeping statements made without any show of proof. We can hardly suppose that Sir Edward Clarke is unacquainted with the novels of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, but in any case to make the statement which we have quoted was entirely gratuitous and uncritical. Indeed, lavishly to praise Lytton and to leave Meredith unnamed argues a curious absence of critical faculty. In replying to a vote of thanks, Sir Edward Clarke took occasion to refer to French literature, and he spoke of Zola as one "whose existence was a calamity to France, and whose works would always be a disgrace to French literature." In what way, we wonder, was Zola a calamity to France? He at least showed France what an absolutely honest and independent man could do in practical adherence to what he conceived to be the truth. Sir Edward Clarke, with all his distinguished gifts, is hardly a good lecturer on literature to working men.

THE first number of "The World's Work" lies before us. In his introductory note the Editor, Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., says:—

Finally, one inevitable criticism may be met, "Is there room for another magazine?" The answer is easy: there is always room for anything people want. If the British people want a magazine with the sober aim of presenting a terse, trustworthy and interesting account of what is important to them in the work of the world, and with the inspiration of a profound faith in the future of their own race and Empire, so long as the ideals which have made these great are not lost sight of, and if we can supply that want, there will be room for us.

"The World's Work" is certainly full of fact and actuality. Mr. Robert Donald writes about "The Attack on Municipal Ownership," Sir W. Laird Clowes discusses the question "Should We Abandon the Mediterranean?" and Major Martin Hume writes forcibly concerning "The Race for South American Trade." Games, British commerce, trusts, and other matters are also dealt with in a broad and liberal spirit. The first article under the general heading "The Day's Work," describes briskly and with pleasant observation and intuition "A London Board School." This, we think, is the kind of article which is

needed; it touches life and shows the inside working of an every-day matter. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced. The portraits are particularly striking; they project themselves from the page with unusual vividness, an effect largely due to the fact that they make no compromise with mere prettiness of setting. "The World's Work" should have in this country the success which its prototype has achieved in America. It appeals to serious people without being either didactic or dull.

ANOTHER first number of a new monthly reaches us from America; it is called "The Reader," a title which indicates its contents. Here is the first paragraph:—

"The Reader" has been in the making three years. The first number is not exactly as it was originally planned, for it has grown in the making. After reading through its pages for the last time before sending it to press, we can only express the hope that its merits will be as obvious to others as its faults are to ourselves. "The Reader" owes thanks to the publishers for their invariable courtesy (with two exceptions we must, in honesty, add); and to the contributors for the sincerity, patience, and personality they have put into their work.

In the matter of illustrations "The Reader" falls into line with similar journals which reach us from the United States; it is full of portraits of authors. Here we have Mr. Henry James, Mr. Henley, M. Maeterlinck (of course), and a dozen more. But "The Reader" aims at, and achieves, a certain originality in a mock trial, "The People against Richard Harding Davis." The first sitting of the Literary Emergency Court has the author of "Soldiers of Fortune" up for trial: Mark Twain, Oliver Hertford, and the reporter are the justices of the court. The following is the verdict of a jury composed of a plumber, two cab-drivers, two shop-keepers, one contractor, one machinist, one ex-army officer, two clerks, one life-insurance agent, and one capitalist:—

Richard Harding Davis, after a fair and just trial at the hands of your peers, you have been found guilty of the worst crime which a writer can commit, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters. It is, therefore, the decision of this court that you be led from this room and confined by yourself with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand, so that you may be given a chance to see how a man writes, and that between sunrise and sunset one week from to-day you be taken to the place of execution, and there in the presence of the proper officials and witnesses, your literary head be struck from your shoulders.

That is amusing and apt enough.

FAMILY histories, when they are well done, have an interest wider than the narrow one of mere name. The "History of the Hawtrey Family," which Mr. George Allen announces, promises to have such an interest. It presents both a broad and detailed view of a family many of whom took an active part in stirring and romantic times. Later the name of Hawtrey has been worthily associated with Eton, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey happily represents it on the stage.

THE Swedenborg Society is taking a novel way of disseminating its philosophy. Their belief in its virtue is so strong that they propose to send a volume of carefully selected passages from Swedenborg's works to all authors whose names and addresses appear in the "Literary Year Book," provided the authors make application for the gift.

It may not be generally known that the author of "The Plague of the Heart," recently published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, is a man of two reputations. As H. F. P. Battersby he is well known as a war correspondent of the "Morning Post," and as Francis Prevost he has won distinction as a novelist. Mr. Prevost Battersby has just left England

to act as war correspondent for the "Morning Post" in Somaliland.

THE first thing that strikes us on glancing through Mr. Goldmann's "With General French and the Cavalry in South Africa" is the extraordinary number of maps which the volume contains. There are over forty, and many simply represent the dispositions of troops before or during action. The value of such records to future historians can hardly be overestimated, for it is obvious that not a tenth of the books written about the South African War will be read a couple of generations hence. Then will come the opportunity of the boiling-down historian, and to him these maps will be real treasure-trove.

THE contents of the second volume of "The Morals of Suicide" takes rather an unusual form. Mr. Gurnhill devotes the first thirty-six pages to comments upon the reviews of his first volume. He tells some of his critics that they have completely given themselves away, and others he encourages with his approval. Of the critiques he says: "Almost every degree of praise and censure is to be found amongst them. Indeed, they would form ample material for a study of mental idiosyncrasy, did I care to put them to such a purpose; and I confess it has both amused and astonished me to find how the same work should have called forth views and opinions so widely divergent." From which we gather that Mr. Gurnhill is more easily astonished than most authors.

OUR envy of the country bookseller increases. Some weeks ago we quoted a letter from a bookseller in Wincanton which made literary journalism seem tame, and now a bookseller in Oswestry writes to the "Publisher's Circular" outdoing his Wincanton brother. He says:—

Nearly fifty years' experience in "the trade" enables me to testify that, other things being equal, there can be no healthier business. Both physical and mental exercise are ensured. No bookseller nowadays can hope for success without great physical activity, and certainly without considerable culture and mental alertness he would inevitably come to grief.

Though turned 64, I am far better in health than I was at 25. Not a grain of medicine has passed my lips for something like forty years. I am as active as a boy, an ardent walker and cyclist, fit for any amount of work, either physical or mental, yet seldom feeling tired, though I keep close to business quite twelve hours a day. During my last summer holidays, on four occasions I cycled sixty [does not he mean six] miles over the Welsh mountains before taking my first meal of the day. I have only two daily meals—1.30 and 6.30 p.m. I take no fish, flesh, or fowl; no alcohol, no tea or coffee, no condiments, nor have I ever smoked tobacco. My food consists mainly of fruit, bread, and nuts—the fruit always uncooked. On this simple but delicious fare I thrive and enjoy life to the full.

If circumstances drove us from London, and we could reconcile ourselves to such heavy exercise and such light diet, we should have difficulty in choosing between Wincanton and Oswestry as places in which to set up our tabernacle.

THE Boys' Empire League may be considered to be getting on in the world when it is addressed at the Holborn Town Hall by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Frank Bullen, and others. The members of the League present received the speakers with vociferous enthusiasm. Sir Gilbert Parker said that "each boy should be a policeman and a soldier in a deeper sense than uniform," and Mr. Frank Bullen remarked that "every boy was an Imperialist, and none

dared enter a school in England and speak against the Empire but he would be knocked down." Such sentiments naturally were loudly applauded. Mr. Frank Bullen further said that he wanted to see a daily newspaper started, written by boys for the benefit of boys. We should like to see it too—occasionally.

LUNÉVILLE is to do honour to itself and to the memory of Emile Erkmann by erecting a monument to him whose name stands first in the familiar compound Erkmann-Chatrian. The story of the partnership which resulted in such books as "Waterloo" and "The Conscript" is ancient history, as is also the record of the lamentable rupture which separated the pair after a close comradeship of many years. The universal popularity of the work of Erkmann-Chatrian is easily accounted for; it rests on actuality, simplicity, and a domestic sentiment which never degenerates into the bathetic. But they were successful, too, in the difficult medium of the supernatural; they suggested "mystery and wonder" with astonishing effect, an effect largely heightened by the introduction of natural and convincing human contrasts.

THE New York "Critic" devotes an article to Made-moiselle Chammoynat, aged ten, who, under the pseudonym of Carmen d'Assilva, has almost convinced Paris that she is great. When she was nine this precocious little person presented herself as a candidate for the Society of Dramatic Authors of France. M. Sardou examined some of her plays, heard her declaim one of them, cried "Gentlemen, this is certainly the youngest dramatic author in the world"—and Carmen d'Assilva was admitted to the Society. Carmen d'Assilva also acts and writes stories; she has, we are told, a satirical gift, and she does not exclude divorce from her range of subjects. We are not surprised to hear that when Mlle. d'Assilva speaks her "eyes light up with an unusually penetrating expression." It would be astonishing if they did not. We cannot say that at present Mlle. d'Assilva's future career is a matter of much interest to us.

In the "North American Review" there appears a short, terse article by Leoncavallo, entitled, "How I wrote 'Pagliacci.'" The writer gives a sketch of his life which reads almost like a summary of a Balzac novel, with the love interest left out. After taking his diploma as doctor of letters at Bologna, Leoncavallo, at the age of twenty, went to Egypt, where he became a concert pianist. He was appointed private musician to Mahmoud Hamdy, but his patron having taken the side of Arabi Pasha, Leoncavallo, after Tel-el-Kebir, escaped in the disguise of an Arab to Ismailia. Finally he reached Paris, where, utterly destitute, he became an accompanist at café-concerts. Then he taught singing to café-concert performers, and later pawned his furniture to raise money to reach Milan. There M. Ricordi gave him a commission to write the music for the libretto of the "Medicis." The music was written, but after three years the opera was still unproduced. Then, says the writer of this piece of autobiography,

after the success of "Cavaleria," by Mascagni, I lost all patience, and I shut myself up in sheer desperation, resolved to make a last struggle. In five months I wrote the words and the music of "Pagliacci," which was acquired by M. Sonzogno, after he had only read the libretto, and which Maurel admired so much that he insisted on producing it at Milan on May 17th, 1892. The success of this piece, as is known, was as striking as that of "Cavaleria," and its fame spread like wildfire.

So that professional emulation did in a few months what years of hardship had failed to produce. It is an old and always interesting story.

THE will of Mr. Lionel Johnson has just been proved. The gross value of the estate has been sworn at £9,525 8s. 5d.

ONE of the medals awarded this year by the Royal Society goes to Mr. Francis Galton for his "Hereditary Genius," "Natural Inheritance," and other works. It is pleasant to see literature rewarded, even when that literature has disclosed facts not altogether amusing to literary men.

"PUNCH" this week continues its entertaining literary gossip paragraphs. The following item stands first:—

All the Boer Generals and Mr. Kruger having taken to the pen, Mr. Chamberlain stands absolved. It is now clear that the South African War was instigated by the publishers.

Mr. Barnard Partridge's cartoon in the same issue, "Charity Begins at Home," is just what a cartoon should be. Mr. Punch, bringing a reservist to Mr. Bull, says, "Look here, John, if you can afford to set up all those Boers in business again, surely you can spare a little to keep this good fellow out of the workhouse."

ONLY last week the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes wrote a leading article which appears in the current number of the "Methodist Times." This suggests the pathos of activity cut short. For seventeen years, with hardly an exception, Mr. Hughes wrote the "Methodist Times" leaders. Very different in outlook and temperament was Mrs. Baxter, who died the other day in Florence. As "Leader Scott" she wrote a good deal concerning art and architecture. She was a daughter of William Barnes, whose poems in the Dorsetshire dialect stand almost unrivalled amongst dialect verse.

A FEW days ago it was stated in many quarters that Miss Sarianna Browning, the sister of the poet, had just died. "The Daily Telegraph" now tells us that this is a mistake: a Miss Sarah Browning died at Haverstock Hill, but Miss Sarianna Browning is alive and well in Florence. The mistake arose out of an almost incredible coincidence. The father of the deceased lady was a Robert Browning, he was in the Bank of England with the poet's father, and each had a daughter in 1814. Many such coincidences would make biography a nightmare.

Bibliographical.

THE late Mr. Henty was the author of a large number of stories for boys, of which it would serve no purpose to give a list. They were very popular and they were thoroughly wholesome; whether any of them will last into the next generation remains to be seen. Somehow or other, one does not expect them to live so long—I will not say as Fenimore Cooper's books, or Marryat's, or even James's, but so long, say, as even those of Mayne Reid and R. M. Ballantyne. Naturally Mr. Henty could not have found it easy, of late, to hit upon titles for his tales, and it is amusing to note how often he resorted to the formula of "With Clive in India," "With Lee in Virginia," "With Moore at Corunna," "With Buller in Natal," and so forth. He also liked to begin his titles with "By" and "In"—"By England's Aid," "By Right of Conquest," "By Sheer Pluck," "In Freedom's Cause," "In Greek Waters," "In the Heart of the Rockies," and so on. He produced several three-volume novels—"All but Lost" (1869), "Rupert the Juggler" (1893), "Dorothy's Double" (1894), "The Queen's Cup" (1897), and also a two-volume

novel—"A Hidden Foe" (1891 and 1901). But it is to be feared that as a fiction-writer for adults he made no great position. Perhaps one of the best things he ever did was the little volume, "Those Other Animals," which he contributed to the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" in 1891.

I have seen no record anywhere of the publications of that enthusiastic Shakespearean, the recently-deceased Mr. Sam Timmins. It is only fair to mention that he brought out in 1860 a reprint of the 1603 and 1604 "Hamlet" (from the copies in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire), with a bibliographical preface. He also issued an account of Lord Spencer's Library at Althorpe (1870), "Dr. Johnson in Birmingham" (1876), "Books on Shakespeare" (1885), and "A History of Warwickshire" (1889). He did a good deal to interest the people of the Midlands in Shakespeare and Shakespearean literature.

The late Mrs. Baxter, who elected to publish under the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," was a tolerably fertile writer. One remembers her "Renaissance of Art in Italy," her "Sculpture, Renaissance and Modern" (1886), her "Tuscan Studies and Sketches" (1887), her "Vincigliata and Maiano" (1891), her "Echoes of Old Florence" (1894), her "Cathedral Builders" (1899), and her "Filippo di Ser Brunellescho," which came out so recently as last year. Her "A Bunch of Berries, and the Diversions Thereof," published originally in 1885, was reprinted in 1897. Her "Work in the Apennines" belongs to 1881, and her "Messer. Agnolo's Household" to 1882.

If a critic (or a bibliographer) comes across a volume described on the title-page as "by J. M. Stone," how is he to refer to the author? Is he to say "Mr.," "Mrs.," or "Miss"? In the ordinary course of things he would say "Mr.," but in the case of the writer of "Faithful unto Death" (1892) and "The Life of Mary I. of England" (1901) he would be wrong. The said writer is, by her own confession, Miss Jean Mary Stone; but how could the uninitiated reviewer be aware of that fact? How could a cataloguer necessarily be aware of it? Some reform in the matter seems desirable. A lady writer, when publishing, should not only give her Christian name, but (if the publisher will allow her) make it clear whether she is or is not a spinster. In the absence of such information—and it is rarely vouchsafed—reviewer and cataloguer are to be pardoned if they use, in the case of initials, the prefix "Mr.," and in the case of vague feminine designations, that of "Mrs." or "Miss" somewhat at random.

I note that J. H. Jesse's "Charles II." and Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn" are to be re-issued together in one-volume form. Presumably the first-named is an excerpt from Jesse's "Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," which first appeared in four volumes in 1840, and was reproduced in three volumes in 1855. "The Story of Nell Gwyn," which dates from 1852, was reprinted under the editorship of Mr. H. B. Wheatley just ten years ago.

At the Queen's Gate Hall, on the evening of November 29th, there will be played a little dramatic piece called "The Roman Road," announced as "by Kenneth Grahame." Has, then, the author of "Pagan Papers," "The Golden Age," and "Dream Days" turned playwright, though only in a modest way? Or is there more than one Kenneth Grahame at work among us?

It was an excellent idea to give at the end of Mr. William Watson's new "Selected Poems" a list of those of his volumes which are still obtainable, the contents of each volume being also given. It is, however, a pity that the bibliography thus formed was not enlarged so as to be complete and full, with the dates of the various editions. Perhaps this may yet be done.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Agnostic of the Sixteenth Century.

ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by Charles Cotton. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. Four vols. (Reeves and Turner. 42s.)

THIS is a re-issue of an edition published in 1877. But though that edition bore Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's name, he really contributed (as he tells us) only the introductory matter; the revision being the work of his father. Finding that Cotton's text remained full of errors, he has now brought out a new edition, based on the first issue of Cotton; in which Cotton's text is revised from comparison with the original and with Florio, his liberties corrected, and his interpolations transferred to footnotes. The work, on the whole, has been well done, the text much cleared and improved, so that it comes closer to Montaigne than any now on the market. Here and there we find a fault. Mr. Hazlitt says that he has taken pains with the text and translation of Montaigne's incessant quotations—a credit he deserves. But his translation of them is not always impeccable. Cicero's *Nulla ars in se versatur* looks strange as "No art ever reverts on itself." The meaning surely is: "No art is occupied with itself"; that is, "No art is exercised for its own sake." Neither Cicero nor Montaigne believed in "art for art's sake." Sometimes, also, an awkwardness in the rendering of Montaigne himself, from the standpoint of elegance rather than meaning, might well have been remedied while the editor was at the task of revision. But these are details.

Much more important is Mr. Hazlitt's choice of a translation. Cotton is not lovely and beautiful: belonging to the late seventeenth century, his style is a foreboding of the century to follow, without the excellence of either period: diffuse and languid, it is more like poor eighteenth than vigorous seventeenth century. So bloodless a writer ill represents the racy Montaigne. Since severe revision was needful for a faithful version, had he not better have revised Florio? Not of the best sixteenth-century, Florio's is yet redder English than the lily-livered Cotton's. He is at times chuckle-headed and unintelligible: we could cite passages where Mr. Hazlitt's Cotton clears what in Florio is nonsense. He has used comparison with Florio to advantage; so that often the present version might not uneasily pass for a modernised Florio. Any passage will serve: as where Montaigne prefers rather to laugh with Democritus than weep with Heraclitus, at men's follies; because laughter means contempt:—

And one thinks we can never be sufficiently despised according to our merit. Bewailing and commiseration are commixed with some estimation of the thing moaned and wailed. Things scorned and contemned are thought to be of no worth. I cannot be persuaded there should be so much ill luck in us as there is apparent vanity, nor so much malice as sottishness. We are not so full of evil, as of voidness and inanity. We are not so miserable, as base and abject.

That is Florio. This is the revised Cotton:—

And I think we can never be despised according to our full desert. Compassion and bewailing seem to imply some esteem of and value for the thing bemoaned; whereas the things we laugh at are by that expressed to be of no moment. I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have in us so much malice as folly; we are not so full of mischief as inanity; nor so miserable as we are vile and mean.

The phrases are often identical in the two. Yet, though a favourable example of the new version, despite Florio's redundancies, there is a marrowy flavour which gives him the advantage. There had been better ground for Mr. Hazlitt's labour, we think, in a revised Florio.

The modern essay is strictly thematic: Montaigne is a licensed rover. He boasts his roving, and says his best things by way of excursion. Yet he has that pleasant and wise worldliness which gives Horace immortal modernity;

and he has the special link with our day, that he is a typical agnostic. For the man who likes to read "about it, and about it," and to read exceeding shrewd and sagacious discourse "about it," Montaigne is treasure-trove. For the man wishing some issue of so much and various meditation, he may be exasperating. "My mistress-form" (says he in Florio's phrase) "is ignorance"—i.e. the agnostic spirit. Do you list to be told (after the manner of the connoisseur in the "Vicar of Wakefield") that "there is much to be said on both sides," Montaigne is the man to tell you how much. But you "don't seem to get much forrader," and if you are of a mind with Punch's farmer, this may fatigue you. There was no pole-star in Montaigne's astronomy; his planets were interesting complexities, which in their curious evolutions had no ascertainable sun,—and the sun, to his mind, did not really matter. There was quite enough fun in watching the planets, and throwing out speculations concerning their law of motion, any of which might be the true one—or might not be. Did it matter? The game was the thing. The object of the chase was the chase, not the fox. You enjoyed yourself quite as much though the fox saved his brush. He had as lief Truth got away, as nose her to her burrows and send in the ferrets. You could hunt her another day. He had no zeal after Truth, but only after the search of her. In a characteristic passage of the essay on Coaches, he says:—

It is very easy to verify, that great authors, when they write of causes, not only make use of those they think to be the true causes, but also of those they believe not to be so, provided they have in them some beauty and invention: they speak true and usefully enough, if it be ingeniously. We cannot make ourselves sure of the supreme cause, and therefore crowd a great many together, to see if it may not accidentally be amongst them.

And he proceeds to quote from the sceptic poet, Lucretius, a passage to the like effect. It is all absolute Montaigne. His eye is always upon "invention," or as we should say, originality. That an opinion be established, is enough reason for him to examine it. His keenness for truth is negative—that he may dissect and refute what is false, rather than demonstrate what is true. Of the apostolic injunction to prove all things, and hold fast what is good, he obeys the first half. He proves—i.e., tests—all things. His criticism is a dissolving acid. But when it comes to deciding what is finally true, he prefers to play with a number of possibilities, and leave the reader to decide. Only on practical matters, of conduct and the like, will he pronounce; and then it is mostly an "I myself prefer," "as I think," or the like: so temperamentally does he shrink from the responsibility of fundamental decision.

Such a temper could have no hates and no enthusiasms. For this sceptic turn is with him no mere mental attitude: it throws deep roots into his whole physical organism, and is indeed as much physical as intellectual. In the same characteristic essay he says:—

I do not find myself strong enough to sustain the force and impetuosity of this passion of fear, nor of any other vehement passion whatever: if I was once conquered and beaten down by it, I should never rise again very sound. Whoever should once make my soul lose her footing, would never set her upright again: she retastes and researches herself too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and therefore would never let the wound she had received heal and cicatrise. . . . I have no after-game to play: on which side soever the inundation breaks my banks, I lie open, and am drowned without remedy. Epicurus says, that a wise man can never become a fool; I have an opinion, reverse to this sentence, which is, that he who has once been a very fool, will never after be very wise. God grants me cold according to my cloth, and passions proportionable to the means I have to withstand them: nature . . . having disarmed me of strength, she has armed me with insensibility and an apprehension that is regular or, if you will, dull.

There you have the temperamental soil of this shrewd but indecisive intellect; a nature constitutionally unable to support any vehemence of passion or affections, and always sedulously providing against their approach within striking-distance. A man not only without enthusiasms, but fearing and guarding himself from them; dreading nothing so much as to lose for a moment the even keel of his judgment. As himself records in this essay, with a nice sense of subtle connection, this temperamental aversion extended even to physical agitation; he was qualmish at the irregular motions of a small boat, the jolting of coaches (and coaches did jolt in those days) or the shaking of litters. He was a born Moderate in all things, esteeming nothing so much as quiet and the shunning of extremes in mind or action. His introspectiveness is both a source and a result of his indecisive temper. Very significant is that saying, that his soul "retastes and researches herself too profoundly and too much to the quick" for her to recover any shock to her self-esteem. There is so much of Hamlet in Montaigne, that one is not surprised there should be traces of Montaigne in "Hamlet." We might well believe that it was Montaigne who suggested Hamlet to the great dramatist. Hamlet is Montaigne with an imagination, a Teutonic Montaigne, visited with that very inundation of passion and fear which Montaigne dreaded for himself, and breaking down under the visitation, with its call for violent action. His soul is, indeed, unable to right itself from the shock to its self-esteem. Montaigne sketched a possible tragedy in a nature like his own; and "Hamlet" is the working-out of it, on the stage of a like but more exalted soul. If Bacon had aught to do with Shakespeare, he might well have suggested this theme. For Montaigne was the very writer to commend himself to the opportunist and temporising Bacon, himself an essayist.

It is part of this ruling disposition that he delights to expatiate on the immensity of things men do not know, and the insecurity of the things they conceit themselves to know:—

We do not go; we rather run up and down, and whirl this way and that; we turn back the way we came. I am afraid our knowledge is weak in all senses; we neither see far forward nor far backward; our understanding comprehends little and lives but a little while. . . . Though all that has arrived, by report, of our knowledge of times past should be true, and known by some one person, it would be less than nothing in comparison of what is unknown. And of this same image of the world, which glides away while we live upon it, how wretched and limited is the knowledge of the most curious; not only of particular events, . . . but of the state of great governments and nations, a hundred more escape us than ever come to our knowledge. . . . There is nothing single and rare in respect of nature, but in respect of our knowledge, which is a wretched foundation whereon to ground our rules, and that represents to us a very false image of things.

There have you a catholic profession of agnosticism, which is an excellent foundation for a man with an insatiable curiosity, and a constitutional dislike to deciding anything. No less did Montaigne's temperament favour his adoption of the rule that nature (by which he meant inclination) was a safe guide in life. A disposition which not only lacked but dreaded any strong passion might follow its bias without danger of betrayal into obvious and unseemly disorders. The worst peril of such a nature is egotism; and balanced by native horror of "giving oneself away," egotism is not an overt or offensive vice. Montaigne had it in heaped-up measure; but one may be sure he was too conscious of having it, and too little assertive, for it to jar upon the vanity of his fellows. You may be as egotistic as you please, provided you are alive to, and manage the vanity of others. Montaigne was too shrewd a contemner of human nature, not to practise the propitiation of it. He was for tolerating in

others the weaknesses he knew in himself; which is the worldly substitute for theological charity.

There is his congeniality, his appeal, in a literary sense of the word, his greatness. He was the keenest, most cultivated, most alert, most sagacious man of the world who had found voice in literature since Horace. One is never tired of admiring his strong sense, his balance, his practical discernment, his perfect grip of that golden mean in all mundane matters, which every man of the world aims to have. And all this is recommended by a richly idiomatic and sap-fed style, by the flavour of a ripe and scholarly mind, turned to the sun of many literatures. Intensely curious concerning all life, and most of all his own, he talks of all things and interests us, but most when he talks of himself. That grew more and more his theme; and his interest grows with his egotism. He is one of the men who could talk immortally about themselves; and perhaps there is nothing so interesting on paper as this which disgusts in the chamber. He is loved by posterity because he loved himself—artistically.

"His Honour."

THE MEMOIRS OF PAUL KRUGER. Told by Himself. 2 vols. (Unwin. 32s.)

PAUL KRUGER AND HIS TIMES. By F. Reginald Statham. (Gibbings. 10s. 6d.)

PAUL KRUGER! Who shall approach the man, or even the name, in the historical spirit? There are some men who seem to magnetise the vulgarity in others, and he is one of them. It was Sir H. M. Stanley who told us of "a voice that was like a loud gurgle" as "the great jaws and cheeks and mouth heaved and opened." It was Mr. Stuart Cumberland who "failed to see why he should get himself up like a funeral mute," and opined that he should "know something of the cleansing properties of benzine." It was Canon Knox-Little who was inspired to describe his beard as a "Newgate fringe." Mr. Kruger seems, indeed, to have excited a species of literature whose unstudied manners suggest the embellishments of the playground wall. It is true that such eminent statesmen as Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Bryce approached the subject of the President with decorum, and by such qualifications as "by no means unkindly," "grave," "cool," "wary," implied a criticism on the caricatures of others. True also is it that an able journalist—Mr. Reginald Statham—presented in 1898 a portrait of Mr. Kruger which combined intimate knowledge with chaste admiration. But still the caricature persisted—that of a belated Canter of the days when it was possible to bear such a name as Jeremiah Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy, with a Bible in one hand and a sjambok in the other, and a hoard in the cellar instead of a banking account.

Now, however, Mr. Kruger has "sat" to himself and his intrinsic value appears, perhaps, for the first time to an assembled company of English Gentiles. It is our misfortune that his words come to us filtered through two translations, and with the "I's" in the latter part sprinkled by a hand less dexterous (we suspect) than that which strewed the "Sirs" over Dr. Johnson's speeches. Knowing that Mr. Kruger is edited, it is difficult to suppose that so Biblical and pastoral a gentleman appropriated the all-too-safely-nailed-up "sword of Damocles" for metaphorical use (*vide* Vol. I., p. 134). But for all that there is much that attests "Oom Paul" and none other the predominant author of these pages.

"Oom Paul" is an epithet showing that Mr. Kruger was at least the uncle of his electors. He represented (approximately) the Boer ideal of a Chosen Person appointed to govern a Chosen People. Born an Afrikaner more than ten years before the Great Trek (*viz.*, in 1825),

he learned the dreadful sweetness of property held in insecurity, and of civilisation on the borders of a wilderness where a man might chance to be skinned alive. Cowherd, hunter, warrior, statesman, a burly Ulysses conferring alone with angry Kaffir cannibals in their mountain caves, crossing the ocean to parley with the wisest and soapiest of Englishmen and Europeans, this Boer, disdainful of pocket-handkerchiefs, with the long, broad nose and fringed chin and the thumbless left hand, was more than Admirable Crichton to his fellow republicans. Twice he married into a family (the du Plessis) which Mr. Statham informs us "is closely connected with that to which Cardinal Richelieu belonged," but the vigilant republican in him never basked slumbrously in the secular past, however gilded. His past was an old Testament one; all of him that was not Boer was Dopper or "Canting Church."

Courage one must certainly allow him. A young man who single-handed essayed to suffocate a buffalo, might indeed be discredited with a kind of animal ferocity: but the courage was inspired by sentiment which leapt into a Kaffir trench under "a furious fire," and bore the body of General Piet Potgieter, "a big, heavy man," over the wall of the entrenchment "back to his people." The courage which, in current slang, is the ability to "bluff" he must have possessed in an uncommon degree, but that courage is really an unconscious security in a magnetic power. Mr. Rhodes had it, and Mr. Kruger had it when he penetrated alone into the Kaffir caves after the flaying of Herman Potgieter.

Humour we must also concede Mr. Kruger. We are not perhaps at the point when we can discreetly relish the definition of self-government as prescribed by ourselves: "They say to you, First put your head quietly in the noose, so that I can hang you up: then you may kick your legs about as much as you please!" but we can perceive that a man who could invent so horribly ludicrous an analogy, might inflame with mirth as well as with wrath. "Such men are dangerous." Humour is, in those poorly endowed with it, easily submerged by the dogmatic spirit, and perhaps nothing testifies more to the healthy sufficiency of Mr. Kruger's humour than his account of an interview with Moshesh, a polygamous chief. Mr. Kruger pressed him to say why an ostensibly "devout" man came to have more than one wife. Moshesh cited Solomon. Mr. Kruger cited the New Testament: "Moshesh reflected for a moment and then said, 'Well, what shall I say to you . . . it is just nature.'"

Of the moral qualities of Mr. Kruger it is less easy to speak. Like Jacob and Job he has taken pains in acquisition. His book says little of his success as a speculator in land, little of the Transvaal's success as a nation entertaining the concession-hunter. He recalls Joubert's remarkable prophecy when the land first breathed gold-dust that it would be soaked in blood for the sake of that treasure. One may suppose him, if one will, a noble simpleton in the hands of Jews. We see no reason to suppose it. He was a patriot in the deep inner meaning of the word. The foreigner was to him as the Amorite to the Israelite. As a patriot he was marvellously patient and single-minded. The reverence for law which made him as a young man submit to be thrashed after a rhinoceros hunt because he had agreed to be thrashed if he was reckless, grew in him. That reverence is even a little theatrical when he says to Burgers in 1872: "Your Honour, I have done my best to prevent your election, principally because of your religious views which appear to me to be mistaken, but as you have now been elected by the majority, I submit as a good republican to this vote of the people." His own religion is in everything and sees the lining of silver in the clouds that are spitting hailstones. It is in May 1900 that he says, "Psalm 83 speaks of the attacks of the Evil One on Christ's Kingdom which must no longer exist. And now

the same words come from Salisbury, for he too says, 'This people must not exist,' and God says this people shall exist! Who will win? Surely the Lord."

"Surely the Lord!" We do not think that fifty years hence these words of the exile at Utrecht will be read by Englishmen without emotion. At that date there will only be remembered the pathos of a pastoral state ruined by apoplectic patriotism and Jacobean Christianity. At that date Kruger will be remembered not as the vilifier of Rhodes and the traducer of Mr. Chamberlain, not as the cruel stepfather of the Uitlanders, but as the patriot who at the age of three score and ten, in his fourth Presidency, worked from eight to twelve of the morning, from two to four or five of the afternoon, and who rose twice in the night, to encourage and advise a doomed army too weak to hold what it had captured, or to carry by assault a foe enfeebled by privations.

The pathos of his own position needs no enforcement. His wife died while he was a fugitive among pleasant opportunists. Huzzas in lieu of bread are in the end a more painful substitute than stones. Huzzas the Continent have given him in millions. He has also the bitterness of knowing that he has both made and unmade the Republic that trusted him as the Jews their prophets. He has exploited the Scriptures, and so have we, and the ablest petitioners have won. Science and numbers usually win, but Mr. Kruger is still too old and brave to believe that.

His book, thrown on the "redneck's" market to earn funds for a Boer rehabilitation, presses home that modern danger to little independencies which he—poor Boer—is, even in Utrecht, too pastorally simple to perceive. We conquer by an insidious kindness, by a tolerance, official and automatic, that deprives obstinacy of its backbone by a persistent reference to the feather bed of representative government and universal amnesty. The Tells flourished on the Gesslers, and so did the Switzerlands. It is kindness which absorbs whole nationalities in world empires.

The Respectful Poor.

EPISODES OF RURAL LIFE. By W. E. W. Collins. (Blackwood. 6s.)

If Mr. Collins were accused of lack of sympathy with the rustic folk whom he portrays in this amiable volume, he would probably rebut the charge. Nevertheless we shall venture to think that such sympathy as he shows is conditional in character, and very limited in extent. Mr. Collins—or perhaps we ought to say the "Master George" who figures as the narrator of the sketches—is one of those persons whose attitude towards the cottagers round the hall is too self-consciously fraternal and unassuming; it pretends an equality, but the pretence is too elaborate. "Master George" has far too little imagination to put himself imaginatively for a single instant in the place of the rustic. "Master George" is obviously always saying to himself that these simple people are really his fellow-creatures and worthy of recommendation, that he has no right to condescend to them, and that he and they are after all equal before the eternal powers. But this attitude is an intellectual and logically-achieved attitude. Side by side with it is an emotional, instinctive attitude which perceives the villagers as a phenomenon, remote, foreign, and above all interesting in a curious way; as a means of innocent and kindly diversion. No one would be more shocked than "Master George" if his rustic poor withheld even for a brief space that respect and submission which are given and received between the cottage and the hall as a matter of course. He never sees them as the fundamental race—as Goethe said, "the only true folk." He never sees them as the essential organism of which he is the parasite, but always through the wrong end of the

telescope, as an appanage of himself. He never gets anywhere near the real life, the central existence, of his rustics, he merely tickles the rind of it. He picks off the humour, pathos and quaintness from the village as a boy picks candied peel off a Madeira cake, and his pictures of rural life are highly sentimentalised and distorted. If he had called his book "Literary Christmas Cards" or "Literary Meringues" of rural life, he would have used a truly descriptive title. Everyone who has lived in a village and watched the activities thereof with an eye undimmed by sentimentality is perfectly aware that a village no more resembles Mr. Collins's version of it than a genuine choir boy resembles the choir boy who sings and soars and dies in a drawing-room ballad published in three keys. Yet we have become so accustomed to the "Master George" vision of the village that even the most wary among us would probably fall into the way of accepting it were it not for such occasional salutary tonic corrections as Mr. George Bourne's "The Bettesworth Book" or the same writer's article on rustic old women in last month's "Cornhill," an article which "Master George" would do well to peruse.

Still, "Episodes of Rural Life" is so dignified, mild, capable and well-intentioned that one cannot dismiss it merely because it happens not to be something else. There is very little of the meretricious in this quietly entertaining book, which begins with cricket and ends with dogs. It is all written with a certain careful solidity that extorts respect, even though the author's phraseology is cumbersome; yea, even though he writes "joined the majority" for "died," and indeed employs all the fatigued clichés of journalism—*bonne bouche, vi et armis, terra firma, par excellence*, strong-minded female, needless to say, from his youth up, evidencing, absolutely non-plussed, fondly imagined, deaf old party, *lapsus linguae, ultimus terror*, respect due to the cloth, beat a hasty retreat, called into requisition, graciously volunteered, like Brutus "is an honourable man," and so forth and so on.

There are things in the volume which we have no hesitation in disbelieving. And prominent among them is the story of the adventures of the *locum tenens* of the village parson. The woes of this individual are altogether too homogeneous and continual to be true to fact. Nothing will induce us to believe that the servant declined to move the parson's terrier from the chair which the *locum tenens* desired to occupy, and the whole affair far too closely resembles a chapter from a well-advertised "humorous novelty of country life." Mr. Collins is a contributor to "Blackwood's" and "Macmillan's," where some of these sketches have already appeared. We should say that as magazine articles for generous post-prandial leisure they served their purpose admirably.

Mr. Newbolt's New Poems.

THE SAILING OF THE LONG SHIPS. By Henry Newbolt. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. NEWBOLT should either not have written "Admirals All," or not have written this book. It would have been a very fair book with which to make one's bow in verse. It contains some ballads which are quite equal to the average patriotic ballad, some odes or minor verse which are quite as good as most odes or minor verse. But that is not saying very much. And about "Admirals All" it was possible to say a good deal. It was necessary, indeed, to hail the promise of a new and very vigorous writer of the stirring verse which is instantly comprehended and welcomed of all men: a writer with pulse, and bravery, and verve. But from this book the pulse has all gone out, the bravery is deliberate, the verve is a retreating tide. Mr. Newbolt is echoing himself—which is better than echoing someone else, but not enough, not what we

look for from so spirited a start as his. For his first book a poet girds his loins, he is on his mettle, he brings forth only his best. But when he has made his name, he is often too apt to take it as a license to remit his circumspection, to put all his wares on the market, trusting to the cover of a reputation won by selected goods. Again, he may err in a quite opposite direction. Having made his mark by one kind of work, he is encouraged to divagate from it in various directions, perhaps to endeavour to work more ambitions. One is disposed to think that Mr. Newbolt has erred in both directions. Much of the verse here published has the air of casual and ephemeral work contributed to periodicals, and faggotted in book-form because it lay to hand and might as well be used. Whether he has also gleaned from back-work which he had not previously thought it judicious to publish, is on his own conscience. It would be an explanation, if not an excuse.

On the other hand, he has certainly attempted work of a more ambitious scope than that which deservedly made his reputation. The attempt, if always venturesome, was quite justifiable; but it has not, to our mind, succeeded. The ode called "The King of England" is built with the skill of a poetic craftsman, as regards individual lines and passages:—

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight.

That is well written, and there is more like it. But the ode as a whole has an unnecessary obscurity of application, which bespeaks some want of complete skill. What is of more radical importance, the poem has merely the conscious skill of the artificer: it lacks any power of inspiration. It is, in fact, such an ode as many writers can nowadays turn out; and has no kind of distinction which lifts it above them.

One pulsating ballad such as Mr. Newbolt gave us in his first volume is worth a score of such compilations. Such an ode as "The Nile" was still more distinctly not worth doing. The ballad which gives its title to the book has a very fair degree of spirit, and the metrical swing we expect from the author. Yet, even this is nowise equal to the best pieces in the first volume—still less to such a ballad as "Drake's Drum." The same, in a *diminuendo* degree, may be said of the other poems in Mr. Newbolt's characteristic vein. Of the lyrics proper which the volume contains, or the Omaresque "Sufi in the City," we must say frankly that it seems to us Mr. Newbolt's strength does not lie in these things. The book, for the reasons we have given, is a disappointment to us.

Mother and Daughter, Too!

HAND-IN-HAND. Verses by a Mother and Daughter. (Elkin Matthews. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS little book of verse is commended to notice alike by its intrinsic merit and a more adventitious claim. The "Mother and Daughter" of the title-page are, by more than one indication, hinted to bear the name of a great writer. In fact, it is now so open a secret as to demand no reticence, that the joint authors are Mr. Kipling's mother and sister. The poems thus powerfully presented to attention have met with high praise, and that deservedly. Yet it would be an indiscriminate enthusiasm to laud them promiscuously and without reserve. The majority, perhaps, are not specially distinguished apart from their accidental claim to general notice. But ever and again there starts out some individual poem—very often a quite brief snatch—which shows distinct poetical gift. None, indeed, of the poems are more than short lyrics; but some of the shortest are among the best. The "Mother" is observably of a less technical expertness as a poet. Fewer

of her contributions to the volume, also, stand out from the mass than is the case among those of the "Daughter." Yet in her substance she has, we think, a stronger touch; and this is naturally most manifest in the poems where she really finds herself. In the others it is liable to be overlooked, so all-powerful in poetry is manner. You find in her such happy touches as "April had wept her blue eyes clear again." She has not the art to avoid the neighbouring of strong with weaker stanzas; but certain whole poems are excellent, as "Rivals," or "Playing with Fire." The best is "When my Ship Comes Home from Sea," a really fine ballad which recalls Mr. Kipling himself, and is unsurpassed in this book. It is too long to quote, so we must fall back on a very happy Shakespearean sonnet, "Love's Hypocrisy," which captures the old manner with no little skill:—

Her lips said "Go"; her shining eyes said "Stay."
How tell which was her meaning, which her will?
How read the riddle of her yea and nay,
And disentangle each, bewildered still?
Hearing her chilling tone, all hope expired;
Seeing her glowing eyes, despair took heart;
One moment certain of the good desired;
One moment turning, hopeless, to depart.
Then, as she stood, with half-averted face,
From head to feet veiled from his ardent eyes,
Sudden she changed, and with triumphant grace
Flung off the mantle of her soul's disguise!
Sweet hypocrite! how false was all her feigning,
Turning for flight, yet, while she turned, remaining!

That has a grace and dexterity rare in her work. The "Daughter," on the other hand, is an accomplished writer. The bulk of her work suffers from thinness of substance, not lack of form. But her best poems are both thoughtful and individual; though (as with most woman's work) the rendering of emotion is her strongest point. She can handle the sonnet—witness "Heartlessness" and "Port Said." She touches deftly the light lyric—witness "When He Left Simla." But perhaps her very happiest vein is that of small detached "Thoughts," little cameos. "A Man's Thought," "A Woman's Thought," "A Passing Thought"—these are admirable. Yet there is one sonnet so conspicuous among these poems that we are forced to select it before anything else. It is "Love's Murderer":—

Since Love is dead, stretched here between us, dead,
Let us be sorry for the quiet clay:
Hope and offence alike have passed away.
The glory long had left his vanquished head,
Poor shadowed glory of a distant day!
But can you give no pity in its stead?
I see your hard eyes have no tears to shed,
But has your heart no kindly word to say?
Were you his murderer, or was it I?
I do not care to ask, there is no need.
Since gone is gone, and dead is dead indeed,
What use to wrangle of the how and why?
I take all blame, I take it. Draw not nigh!
Ah, do not touch him, lest Love's corpse should bleed!

It is modelled on Drayton's great sonnet, there can scarce be a doubt. But it has a force and beauty of its own. With this beautiful poem we may fittingly take leave of a little book which makes a decided mark, and leaves one very clear as to the origins of Mr. Kipling's own genius.

Fumblings.

RES RELICTÆ. Being the Remains of the late John Cunningham. Edited by Shaw Maclaren. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is more pathos than knowledge here, though John Cunningham, "trooper in an irregular corps raised for the Transvaal War," was also a diver in the black ocean of the universe, in other words, a philosopher. We are to

believe that he was buried in a bleak part of Ross-shire not long ago, and that a chance acquaintance of the district, Mr. Maclaren to wit, took in hand his MSS. and made this book of them. The book is really an essay by the editor embodying extracts from his author in such a fashion that a sceptic might fancy the two were one, so easy it is to confound them. As we have said, Mr. Cunningham was a diver for truth, and it is a fact that he came out of his difficult investigations angry and spluttering like a ducked babe. He tells us to—

Pass onward on conglomerate pitch, past the scare faces and the frightsome glare; each face [he says] in the dim many o that haunting crowd came once in howling from a bed of pain and fear, and dread and anguish . . . Pass on [he insists] these are the well ones capable to walk the street . . . keep distant from the alley mouths and fabricated piles of covering stone.

No wonder that earth for this modern Solomon Eagle was "a woeful matter blob somewhere situate near an accursed furnace called the sun." No wonder, but great pity, for in such strangled eloquence is the indictment of all comfortable creeds save this: that misery wills the extinction of things painful and ugly and of ill report—wills it with a heroism careless of its own existence, so that misery does in the end both heal and regenerate the world.

But of course Mr. Cunningham, after the first horrid dip of youth into the cosmic gulf, did not simply splutter and rage. He asked a way to truth, and he saw that even when the "faiths become no faiths" and the systems are "swamped in bog realities" that ultimate truth and even ethical truths are not to be revealed by the scientific method. So he makes an ingenious appeal on behalf of the analogue, the method of Jesus who called Himself the Vine, the Good Shepherd, &c. Certainly analogy excites the imagination, and in fortunate instances, may inspire discovery; but it is a fruitful parent of error, though it is no doubt true that the more you mix your metaphors the less likely you are to be misunderstood.

Finally, though Mr. Maclaren credits Mr. Cunningham with "a Triadic Theory of human knowledge"—granting the senses, the reason, and "the ethical faculty" as three separate and efficient instruments for the detection of truth—we see little more in this volume than passionate fumblings, and the disclosure of a mind in the very act of thinking the thoughts that—if life had endured—would possibly have driven the thinker into Calvinism.

Other New Books.

CELEBRITIES AND I. By Henriette Corkran. (Hutchinson.)

WE hardly know whether to be amused or to be angry with this book. It is the merest gossip; it is packed with indiscretions; but the author is so artless, so delighted with the memories of the eminent men and women she has met, so like a child with a new toy, that we have not the heart to say: "Madam, these jottings are suitable for a tea party, or for a letter to a country cousin, but in a fat book, looking important, no!" Yet we found the volume amusing, and we cannot assert that we wasted an evening over it, for no evening is wasted when a serious person like the present writer has been amused. But we cannot bring ourselves to mention the names of the living litterateurs whom Miss Corkran has prattled about. We must leave our readers to fill in the names.

This of an eminent novelist:—

He lives a comfortable, strictly-ordered life, his days are mapped out like a tale that is told—so many hours for work, for exercise, for social duties. He has the qualities that make England respected and feared. . . . He goes to weddings and funerals. He sends wreaths for the departed, and so on. . . . His new novel "The Yellow Van" is to appear serially in the "Century" at the end of the year.

This of a distinguished poet and essayist:—

She is quite *une grande dame*, with a nun-like expression. Such painters as Philippe de Champagne or Francesca would have been delighted to have her as a model. Though affectionate, she does not gush or use extravagant epithets.

This of a distinguished critic and biographer:—

He is tall and thin—always makes me think of Don Quixote. . . . He, like Thackeray, is fond of the little ones.

Of Huxley Miss Corkran writes:—

His face reminded me of a dog I had liked. He struck me then as being depressed. He exclaimed several times, "*A cui bono!*"

After that we felt we could read no more. But we did. Among other papers we perused was one on Mrs. Oliphant, who once remarked to Miss Corkran that "men would be much improved if a good, sound whipping was administered to them about once a month." We have heard that same remark made about women.

OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND DANCES. Decorated by W. Graham Robertson. (Longmans. 42s.)

"O MOTHER A HOOP," "Love Lies Bleeding," "Blue Muslin," "Troy Town" are some of the ten songs which Mr. Graham Robertson has played upon with his delicate fancy. Among the six dances are "Barley Break," "Put on thy Smock o' Monday" and "Bobbing Joan." The letter-press and score of the dainty melodies are alike by the hand of Mr. Robertson. The vignettes with which they are illustrated are not only beautiful in their colour schemes; they are full of life and movement, and their firm, bold outlines show both character and emotion—emotion grave and gay. The girl in violet and cream in the "O Mother a Hoop" expresses in her figure the very six-eight rhythm of the air. This is the prettiest book of the season, a book that it would be a pleasure to bestow, and a delight to receive.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. Edited by T. F. Henderson. (4 vols. Blackwood. 42s. net.)

This is practically the centenary edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy," the first having been published about a hundred years ago, and the four handsome volumes worthily represent not only Scott's careful and loving labour, but also the present editor's judgment and enthusiasm. We have had no reprint of the "Minstrelsy" for a generation, which appears, at first sight, a rather remarkable and not very creditable fact; but Mr. Henderson points out that this neglect was partly due to the incompleteness of the revised edition which "without amendments, explanations and additions would now, in many ways, be defective and misleading." The aim of the present issue, therefore, has been to bring the several introductions and notes up to date; many of Lockhart's notes to the posthumous edition have been retained, and those which later research has rendered obsolete are omitted.

To the lovers of Sir Walter, the "Minstrelsy" is of unusual value; the collection and annotation of these ballads served as an apprenticeship to the greater work of prose romance which was to follow. It quickened Scott's sense of beauty and also strengthened the selective power which is so conspicuous in his finer novels. The work was exactly after his own heart, and he threw himself into it with characteristic energy; it is possible that he altered and improved his material too much by altering phrases and even adding stanzas, but it is certain that no man could have done it better. These variations will be found indicated in the present volumes, in the first of which is included a hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter, after a painting by Sir William Allan.

EVIL EYE IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS. By R. C. MacLagan. (David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.)

THESE notes of Dr. MacLagan's, for the most part first-hand notes, are extremely interesting. They bring us face to face with a superstition still active and still of direct influence in minor affairs. "Interrogatories show," says the author, "that it exists in Caithness, Sutherland, in the Lewis, Harris, both Uists, Barra, Sky, Tiree, Islay, the Isle of Man, Arran, and Antrim in Ireland." But the belief exists far more widely than is here indicated; it is still alive in the south of Ireland and in the western counties of England; and we have known instances in the home counties, within thirty miles of London. Education in itself by no means eradicates the belief in the Evil Eye; it exists in spite of school boards, wherever communication with others of human kind is uncertain, wherever actual loneliness is a part of existence, wherever scattered rural gossip, in a word, is the breath of life. It would be difficult to say how far the superstition is vital; in many cases it is, no doubt, merely superficial and traditional; but we believe it to be far commoner than believers in "modern civilisation" suppose. There is much in the saying of an old man which Dr. MacLagan quotes:—

They will be saying to me that we have no metinon of *crónachadh* in the Bible, and they will be putting it down my throat, but I tell them that it is there. Both the Evil Eye and witchcraft were in it from the beginning, and they will be in it till the end.

The author gives many instances of the Evil Eye and of the manner of its working upon men and animals. He also tells us of the means adopted to neutralize its pernicious influence. Much of it seems foolish and childish, but at the bottom of it all is an instinctive human belief which can hardly be done away with.

A book likely to be pretty constantly referred to between now and Christmas is Mr. C. Lang Neil's "The Modern Conjuror and Drawing Room Entertainer" (Pearson). In an introduction Mr. Charles Bertram—who can easily make you believe that you have six eggs in your waistcoat pocket—says: "Mr. Lang Neil has conceived the happy idea that all the illustrations in his book on Modern Conjuring shall be quite up to date, and actual photographs of skilled professional conjurers, accompanied by specimens of their cues and patter which cover the movements." You may learn quite enough conjuring here to last for a long time: even Mr. Maskelyne gives himself away for Mr. Neil's readers.

The latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Little Guides" series is "The English Lakes," by F. G. Brabant. The arrangement of the volume, in common with the rest of the series, is excellent, and the information full and accurate. This hardly seems the time of year for the publication of a holiday guide book, but the lakes are not only a summer holiday ground. The true rock-climber—and the lakes provide the best rock-climbing in the British Isles—often prefers to take his exciting pastime in the winter. Mr. New's illustrations are very pleasing, and the maps all that can be desired.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest volumes in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Biographical Edition" of Dickens are "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop." The introductions are, like the previous ones in the series, interesting and adequate. The more we see of this edition the more we like to imagine the complete set on our shelves.—The complete "Pearl Edition" of Byron (Murray) contains nearly seven hundred pages, including notes, and the price is a shilling. The type, though small, is very legible, and the double-column page is nicely spaced.

Fiction.

TALES ABOUT TEMPERAMENTS. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS volume contains three stories and two short plays; the stories have appeared before (one so long ago as 1895), and the plays have attained to such publicity as comes by way of the footlights. Differing widely in treatment, and differing, too, in their artistic appeal, these five studies yet group themselves quite naturally under the title which Mrs. Craigie has given to the book: each aims at expressing a temperament in circumstances where temperament is put to a crucial test, which is to say that each deals with a compelling episode.

"The Worm that God Prepared," which opens the volume, is in many ways the strongest of the five studies. The pleasant, consumptive, characterless son of the rich greengrocer "in a large way of business," who fell so completely in love "that his face really began to have something in it," is admirably sketched, and the vain, inconsequent, but perfectly sincere little aristocrat who secretly marries him is quite human and convincing. So is the tragedy which sends them to death together; the incident is restrained, moving, dramatic. But the steps which led to the tragedy are not so convincing; we have to take rather too much for granted. The presentation of Malavere is hardly strong enough to make his wild act inevitable.

The two other stories, each in a different vein, are satisfying enough; both are touched with the kind of implicit satire which Mrs. Craigie employs so successfully to attack essential weakness or drive home a broad human conclusion. The plays, "A Repentance" and "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" are plays of the sort in which our modern stage is conspicuously lacking; they have character, point of view, and progressive drama. A comparison between the dialogue of the stories and the plays shows that Mrs. Craigie very clearly comprehends the limitations of the more conventional medium. A play which reads perfectly naturally is almost certain to act flatly: in their endeavour to avoid this most playwrights go too far in the direction of artificiality and rhetoric. Mrs. Craigie steers a middle course; the dialogue of the plays differs just so much in manner from the dialogue of the stories as is necessary to make it carry effectively across the footlights to a mixed audience. Any reader who takes the trouble to compare "'Tis an Ill Flight Without Wings" with "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" will see exactly what we mean.

THE FOUR FEATHERS. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)

THIS is the best story that Mr. Mason has written. The root idea, which had been used before by the author in a short tale, was excellent from a psychological as well as from a narrative point of view, and quite worth elaborating into a novel. Mr. Mason considered the case of a youth, son of a retired General, destined for the army and accustomed from childhood to hear of battles, deeds of daring, and also instances of cowardice. Harry Faversham, lonely, introspective, has a secret fear which haunts him night and day. It is that in a crisis he may show himself to be the coward that he believes himself to be. In the early chapters he certainly betrays that he is a coward in the making, but in thought only, not in act. The result of shrinking from the opportunity of testing himself is that he receives three white feathers from three men, young officers, who had been his friends. A fourth is added by the girl, a charmingly drawn character, to whom he was affianced. How Harry Faversham proves himself to be a brave man, when the necessity for

action clears away the fear produced by introspection, is the story that Mr. Mason has to tell. It is told with point and vigour, particularly in the Sudan chapters, the scene of Faversham's heroic feats, whereby he retrieves his honour. The home chapters are well done, but we could have wished that the Sudan parts of the narrative had been longer. The account of how Durrance was attacked by blindness has the true note of tragedy, and the description of the terrible existence of the unfortunate captives in the House of Stone at Omdurman is all the more real because it is told in a straightforward way, without any attempt at fine writing or rhetoric. A good story, well planned, well wrought, and very readable.

DONNA DIANA. By Richard Bagot. (Arnold. 6s.)

MR. BAGOT has a first-hand knowledge of Rome, but it is the knowledge of a mere observer; and its essentially second-hand quality betrays itself in little things:—

"Yes, I am alone," and Monsignor Tomei ushered his visitor into his study. "One moment," he added, opening the window. "The room is full of cigar smoke—my after-breakfast cigar, you know, that I permit myself when I am alone, except in Lent and on fast days, when we should deprive ourselves of such indulgences."

It may be unusual in reviewing a novel to insist upon such a point, but that is the talk not of a Roman prelate but of an Anglican curate. To the former, the law of fasting and abstinence is a positive law to be interpreted in accordance with the presumed intention of a kindly mother, in the narrowest sense. Besides, he would not talk of smoking as an indulgence—a word which he understands in a highly specialised sense—but as a "consolation"; which takes it out of the category of things from which "in Lent and on fast days" he should refrain himself. This Monsignor Tomei is a usurer, and the victim with whom we are concerned is a Cardinal. The Cardinal has a niece; the niece has a private fortune, of which he is the trustee; and his hope of saving his reputation as an honest man depends upon her pursuing her vocation to the cloister, and not marrying the English gentleman with whom she has fallen in love. The lady, during the greater part of the story, is down with typhoid fever; and her spiritual torment reveals itself in singularly consecutive and pertinent ravings. The knot is solved by the confession of the Cardinal and the magnanimous declaration of the English gentleman that he wants the lady, not her money. The best and most unpleasant character is a German governess interested in sex problems.

KITWYK. By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane.)

MANY have dreamed in front of fires surrounded by a frame of old blue and white Dutch tiles, and have even woven fanciful stories in which maidens with white caps and stolid Dutchmen wander through a toy country of canals, green fields and red tiles. Mrs. Lane has gone further, and has written down her fancies. She has chosen an out-of-the-way Dutch village of a hundred years ago, going on its placid way, ignorant of any stirring events that might be happening in the outside world, and has made us see it with her. To a casual observer, the stagnant lazy life might seem dull and uninteresting, even monotonous, in spite of its picturesque setting. But Mrs. Lane has looked deeper, and found human tragedy and comedy underlying the tranquillity. We read of the Burgomaster's sofa, of how Kitwyk once went a-hunting with dire results, of how the new Dominie was chosen, and how maidens found that young love was worth more than money and position. The book is a succession of slight stories which ramble on, each complete in itself, yet connected. Mrs. Lane has a nice feeling for character, and she never loses the atmosphere in which her people move.

RED LION AND BLUE STAR. By T. A. Barry. (Hutchinson.)

THIS is a collection of fifteen short stories, hardly one of which runs beyond a score or so of pages. All deal with the sea, and are written by one who "uses the sea" and knows well the seafaring jargon, and something of the unscrupulous and adventurous side of those that go down to the sea in ships. In Mr. Barry's pages murder is of so little moment that two lines serve to describe it, without preface and without remorse, just a thrust of the knife, or the twist of iron fingers, leaving no twinge of regret or horror, simply a clot or two of blood. But, be it noted, a brilliant collection of yarns each one of more than average interest, and each containing something original and terrorising. There is not a tale in the whole book that treats of love, and passion's yearnings—the reader will find only masculine devilry or tales of scheming on the high seas. Whether running contraband, or holding up a mail-boat, or dynamiting a nigger, the author always has his finger on the spine, and knows exactly when to apply the cold shiver. We set the book down having made the acquaintance of at least fifty heroes who deserved the gibbet.

THE ADVENTURES OF A. DOWNEY V. GREEN. By George Calderon. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d.)

DOWNEY V. GREEN is the American grandson of Mr. Verdant Green, and he enters St. Ives College, Oxford, under the late Cecil Rhodes' will. His adventures follow. This is the kind of humorous book which requires a very lavish expenditure of comic invention and narrative to justify it; otherwise it resolves itself merely into a series of statements that certain events were funny without any substantiation. Mr. Calderon's story, we fear, is not proven; at least we have not laughed. Perhaps we are too old, perhaps we went to Cambridge; but in any case we did not laugh. The book seems to us a mistake. It should either have been farcical or satirical. If farce, Downey should have been something more conventionally American, a cowboy, say, with a revolver, or a capitalist always on the look out for making a corner. If satire, Mr. Calderon should have shown more seriously that Mr. Rhodes was wrong in calling for Americans and Colonials to come to Oxford, when what England needs is more knowledge of America and the Colonies. The money should have gone to maintaining promising English youths abroad. Mr. Calderon, however, has chosen to be merely funny, and has not, we think, succeeded. His drawings, in simple outline, are adequate.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

YOUTH.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

"Youth," the first of the three stories in this volume, was published in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1898. In selecting Mr. Conrad's "Tales of Unrest" as one of our "crowned" books for that year, we associated "Youth" with it in the award, and said "Youth" is merely the record of an ill-starred voyage, yet there is magic in it." The titles of the other two stories in the volume under notice are "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether." The motto on the title page is from "Grimms Tales": "... But the Dwarf answered: 'No; something human is dearer to me than the wealth of the world.'" (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE DISENTANGLERS.

By ANDREW LANG.

Here, at any rate, is a light-hearted story, and it is over four hundred pages in length. Mr. Lang has written

novels in collaboration with Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Mason, and one at least by himself—"A Monk of Fife." The present story is somewhat in the Anstey, early-Stevenson manner. The Disentanglers are a band of attractive young men and women whose business it is to disentangle love affairs that are unsuitable for family and other reasons. "They go down and disentangle the amorous by—well, by entangling them." (Longmans. 6s.)

MOOTH AND RUST.

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

Three stories by the author of "Red Pottage." "Moth and Rust" is the longest, filling 240 pages. "Ah me! Janet was beautiful. . . . Her treasure was certainly on earth. It consisted of the heavy, sleek-haired young man with the sunburnt complexion, and the reddish moustache, at the end of the pew—the Squire." (Murray. 6s.)

THE HENCHMAN.

By M. L. LUTHER.

An American political story. The plot turns upon the rise of a man, adept in all the baser arts of the political game, to the threshold of the Presidency. He is opposed by the Reform Party. All his actions are influenced by two women, one a young girl, the other a married woman. (Macmillan & Co.)

CHRISTIAN'S WIFE.

By MAUD E. KING.

A little novel, neatly and nicely written, by the author of "A Brighton Coach Office." The sub-title is "a story of Graubünden." Says the author in an introduction, "Among the innkeepers, shopmen, and peasants of Graubünden to-day, you may often find men whose names savour of baronies, coats of arms, and heroic tradition." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

By ELIZABETH KENT.

A mystery story. "What I am about to relate occurred but a few years ago, in the summer of '99. . . . What I had just seen and heard would not have surprised me in a tenement, but that such scenes could take place in a respectable house like the Rosemere, inhabited largely by fashionable people, was indeed startling." (Putnam.)

DEAD CERTAINTIES.

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS.

We have met Mr. Gubbins before, and were not unwilling to meet him again. His yarns are just yarns of that world he knows very well—the world where men buy papers for "To-day's races and s.p." tell each other interminable stories, and wear picturesque coats with large buttons. We open a page at random and find this: "You d—d young davy, if you come at me again I'll knock your ruddy heye out." (John Long.)

We have also received: "A Little Captive Lad," a story of the Cromwellian times, by Beulah Marie Dix (Macmillan); "The Two Vanrevels," "It was long ago in the days when men sighed when they fell in love," by Booth Tarkington (Richards); "Two In One," by T. W. Speight (Greening); "Sacrilege Farm," by Mabel Hart (Heinemann); "Jessie Vandeleur," by Ethel C. Mayne (Allen); "The King's Agent," "a sharp, frosty evening in January 1692," by Arthur Paterson (Heinemann); "Angelot," a tale of the First Empire, by Eleanor C. Price (Newnes); "The Earth and the Fulness Thereof," a romance of modern Styria, by Peter Rosegger (Putnam's Sons); "Zealandia's Guerdon," by W. S. Walker, known as "Coo-ee" (John Long); "The Scarlet Seal," a tale of the Borgias, by Dick Donovan (John Long); "A Woman's Checkmate," by J. E. Muddock (John Long); "Not For Crown or Sceptre," by D. Alcock (Hodder & Co.); "Midsummer Madness," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (John Long); "The Oven," by Guy Thorne (Greening); "Under One Flag," by W. Beddoes (Drane); "Connie, The Actress," by John Strange Winter (F. V. White & Co.).

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Life, and A Man of Letters.

THE association of life and literature must of necessity be as close as the association of hand and brain; the one supplies the impulse which informs and directs the other. But although literature can by no means do without life, life—even full and active life—may very well do without literature. This is a fact which writers are very apt to forget; they cultivate unconsciously an intellectual narrowness within whose strait borders literature assumes an illusory vitality; the shadow becomes the substance. We hesitate to say, looking back upon certain aspects of his accomplishment, that Mr. W. D. Howells is one of these writers, but his tendency is certainly towards a too exclusive regard for his own little circle, his own method of seeing, hearing, and constructing. We find, indeed, in the title which he gives to a recent volume of studies, "Literature and Life" (Harper Bros.), a pretty sure indication of his habit of mind. We feel that the placing of literature before life was neither fortuitous nor merely euphonious; in Mr. Howells' mind literature, the expression, overshadows life, the fact.

Mr. Howells says quite frankly, "I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me Literature and what seemed to me Life. If I did not find life in what professed to be literature, I disabled its profession, and possibly from this habit, now inveterate with me, I am never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it." That statement—confession rather—accounts for much, accounts, indeed, for a good half of these studies. Mr. Howells, true to that inveterate habit of never being sure of life unless he finds literature in it, endeavours, being still interested in life, to discover in certain aspects of it qualities which it does not possess. He suffers acutely from his own limitations; we begin to see why his books have taken no enduring hold upon our imagination; we recognise in Mr. Howells the purely literary apostle of literature. Most writers of fiction know perfectly well that the inevitable tendency of their work is to induce in them a certain showman attitude towards life which is the greatest danger of their craft. In going to life for their material they too often see only what they want to see. That, apparently, is the case with Mr. Howells; "unless," he says, "the thing seen reveals to me an intrinsic poetry, and puts on phrases that clothe it pleasingly to the imagination, I do not much care for it" That is to carry the principle of selection too far; it is, in a word, to confound literature with life.

The fallacy is obvious. Literature may adorn and interpret Life, but the two are not one and indivisible; literature is the dependant at the full table, and the attitude which best befits her is one of humility in the presence of the master of the house. Mr. Howells may be the least arrogant of men, but when he tells us that

unless he can see literature in life he does not much care for it, he seems to us to mistake, and not without offence, the cup of silver for the cup of gold. Do not let us be misunderstood; life, as we have insisted again and again, is the only true stuff of literature, but the converse does not hold. To see only such parts of life as make material for literature is to see life incompletely and in fragments. The impression which may be expressed should be corrected by the impression which can never be expressed. It is easy to say that any and every manifestation of life is fit material for the literary artist, but no artist ever yet in his soul believed it. Yet every artist is eager to be acquainted with aspects of life which he knows to be impossible as material, simply in order that he may correct impressions, balance probabilities, probe for motives, and so by every means at his disposal endeavour to compact and illuminate his little world. But Mr. Howells, we must conclude, does not believe in this "rigour of the game." After the passages which we have quoted he writes: "If the thing is something read, rather than seen, I am not anxious about the matter: if it is like life, I know that it is poetry, and take it to my heart." That is the avowal of a pleasant optimism by no means justified by facts, though it is the natural outcome of Mr. Howells' literary faith. Again he confuses the expression, which may be poetical, with the fact, which may be hideous.

This volume of Mr. Howells' is full of the life which he saw because he wished to see it; many of the stories are interesting, one or two are soundly critical, a few are dull. The author has a passion for words, with which he so plays about the unessential as almost to persuade us that the unessential matters; he produces a factitious air of subtlety. Mr. Henry James has a similar, though far more delicate, passion for words: but in the case of Mr. James, we are continually surprised at the light precision with which he touches the heart of a mood or situation. Nor does Mr. Howells always use what he calls the "United States language" with distinction; he is too free with it; it sometimes becomes in his hands a rather bloodless and invertebrate medium of expression. We know no modern serious American writer whose work at times has such a provincial air; it seems written almost for a single State. We do not find this, say, in the work of Mr. G. W. Cable, who writes not the "United States language," but beautiful and vigorous English; nor was it noticeable in the prose of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, nor even in that of Holmes. It is possible that Mr. Howells is true to some tradition of which we are unaware; we could wish that it had no existence. Many of the younger American writers are content to write mere English. Of these were Mr. Frank Norris and Mr. Stephen Crane, now, alas, lost to us. But there was about their work a certain cosmopolitan air very different from the narrow limits of Mr. Howells'; very different, too, was their attitude towards literature and life. Theirs was the way of youth and enthusiasm for life; Mr. Howells' seems now at least to be the way of placid love of letters. Mr. Howells goes to a Horse Show or the Beach at Rockaway and gives you definitely-observed and careful details; they, too, gave you details, but they were charged with animation and blood. We feel that Mr. Howells considers the things of which he writes too much from the armchair point of view—he has earned the right to occupy the armchair by a distinguished and consistent career; our complaint is that he has become too consistent, that his view has not widened, that he puts literature *qua* literature in too conspicuous a place. An ingenuous and amateur critic, recently quoted by a contemporary, said that reading Mr. Howells was "like sitting and looking out of the window when nothing is happening." We believe that Mr. Howells' sense of humour will enable him to see a smiling justice in the remark.

And it seems worth while here to recall a passage from a critic who was not an amateur. R. L. S. wrote of Mr. Howells:—

As by accident he runs out and revels in the exceptional; and it is then, as often as not, that his reader rejoices—justly, as I contend. For in all [his] excessive eagerness to be centrally human, is there not one central human thing that Mr. Howells neglects: I mean himself?

Curiously enough Mr. Howells has a passage touching the same subject in this book. After saying that a young writer may produce a "brilliant and very perfect romance," but, at the outset, only an inferior novel of manners, he continues:—

For this work he needs experience and observation, not so much of others as of himself, for ultimately his characters will all come out of himself, and he will need to know motive and character with such thoroughness and accuracy as he can acquire only through his own heart. A man remains in a measure strange to himself as long as he lives, and the very sources of novelty in his work will be within himself; he can continue to give it freshness in no other way than by knowing himself better and better.

It would appear, then, that Stevenson and Mr. Howells were in agreement as to the method, but that the result of the method in Mr. Howells' case produced an effect just the reverse of that which Stevenson anticipated. We believe that Mr. Howells' failure in certain directions is accounted for not by lack of self-knowledge, but, as we have indicated, by that too narrow outward vision which only sees in life what can be used as literature. From that initial defect springs the "inveterate habit" which finally confuses literature and life.

But there are many things in these studies of Mr. Howells' which are true and worthily expressed, much that forces home the conviction that the author has always held his profession in loving and just regard. Above all he wishes his fellow craftsmen and himself to feel at one with the humblest of workers: "It ought to be our glory that we produce something, that we bring into the world something that was not choately there before; that at least we fashion or shape something anew; and we ought to feel the tie that binds us to all the toilers of the shop and field, not as a galling chain, but as a mystic bond also uniting us to Him who works hitherto and evermore." In these words at any rate literature and life unite.

"The Story of My Heart."

THE unveiling by Lord Avebury, on Saturday last, of a tablet affixed to the house at Swindon once occupied by Richard Jefferies, recalls a remarkable personality and, in some directions, a mind touched with genius. Lord Avebury, very naturally, took occasion to observe that on certain economic and philosophic questions he was not at one with Jefferies, nor are we. In seeming to take the broad view Jefferies was sometimes betrayed into the narrow one; in gauging the particular miseries of an individual or a class he not infrequently laid the burden of responsibility at the wrong door. He also, in our view, made the common mistake of reading into the lives of others a capacity for suffering which was really his own. He did not make sufficient allowance for robust passions, stronger nerves, grosser delights: he was, in fact, though a close observer of nature, too introspective to be an altogether healthy judge of man. But we do not propose here to discuss his work and influence at large; we wish only to say something concerning the genesis and quality of that remarkable and personal utterance, "The Story of My Heart."

Of the genesis of the book we learn some facts from the preface which Mr. C. J. Longman contributed to

the second edition. In June, 1883, Jefferies wrote to Mr. Longman:—

I have just finished writing a book about which I have been meditating seventeen years. I have called it "The Story of My Heart: an Autobiography," and it really is an autobiography, an actual record of thought. After so much thinking it only makes one small volume—there are no words wasted in it . . .

The "small volume" was sent to Mr. Longman and published by his firm; from an analysis which Jefferies himself drew up for "Notes on Books" we extract the following:—

This book is a confession. The Author describes the successive stages of emotion and thought through which he passed, till he arrived at the conclusions which are set forth in the latter part of the volume. He claims to have erased from his mind the traditions and learning of the past ages, and to stand face to face with nature and the unknown. The general aim of the work is to free thought from every trammel, with the view of its entering upon another and a larger series of ideas than those which have occupied the brain of man so many centuries.

It must be admitted that there Jefferies, meaning to point out the strength of his book, put his finger on its weakness—on its philosophical and moral weakness. No man can erase from his mind the traditions and learning of the past ages; they are in the air he breathes, they form the very mould and texture of his thought, they live in art and literature, and even in the means of existence. And they appear, too, in this most intimate of autobiographies, though autobiography is hardly the correct word. "The Story of My Heart" is the history of a soul essentially clean and strong, striving to express its inner life and most sacred feelings in a medium hardly fine enough for such expression. The writer cares nothing for the shows of life; he craves for the physical perfection which was never his, only that the soul may have a fit habitation; his yearning is for the completest and most personal soul-life, with all natural instincts fully developed yet fully under control, and each, therefore, a dutiful servant of the will.

There is nothing new in all this. Hundreds of men have had the same ideal, hundreds have failed in its realization. But there was something new in Jefferies' expression of it, just that quality which makes literature, in spite of lack of logic, perversity of thought, and a mental equipment hardly equal to the highest possibilities of the task. The passion for nature and for the curative virtue of silent growth finds wonderful expression in "The Story of My Heart." We never question the sincerity of even the most transcendental passages; we feel that here is at least conviction and the honestly striving spirit. Take the following extract:—

With the glory of the great sea, I said; with the firm, solid, and sustaining earth; the depth, distance, and expanse of ether; the age, tamelessness, and ceaseless motion of the ocean; the stars, and the unknown in space; by all those things which are most powerful to me, and by those which exist, but of which I have no idea whatever, I pray. Further, by my own soul, that secret existence which above all others bears the nearest resemblance to the ideal of spirit, infinitely nearer than earth, sun, or star. . . . With all the energy the sunbeams had poured unwearied on the earth since Sesostrius was conscious of them on the ancient sands; with all the life that had been lived by vigorous man and beautiful woman since first in dearest Greece the dream of the gods was woven; with all the soul-life that had flowed a long stream down to me, I prayed that I might have a soul more than equal to, far beyond my conception of, these things of the past, the present, and the fulness of all life.

It is the prayer, the dream, of a man with a child's heart; it is the desire of beauty, of perfection, of the impossible, of "the light that never was on sea or land." Always this inarticulate prayer is in his heart, and it remains through every change of fortune, through each

near and nearer approach to the inevitable end. Death is nothing: he cannot, he tells us, understand time. "It is eternity now. Nothing has to come; it is now. Now is eternity; now is the immortal life."

And to what does all this ecstasy, all this vivid delight in form as the expression of the soul, lead? In the case of Jefferies, as in the case of many stronger thinkers, it leads to no vital conclusion. He concludes merely that "there is an existence, a something higher than the soul—higher, better, and more perfect than deity." For this he labours, searches, thinks, and prays. It is the old effort to escape from tradition and convention, the old effort to evolve a scheme of life free from inconsistencies and the humiliation of law. Even experience he brushes aside as valueless. "Experience of life," he says, "instead of curtailing and checking my prayer, led me to reject experience altogether. . . . All the experience of the greatest city of the world could not hold me. I rejected it altogether." The attitude is impossible, if you will; but one sees in it something inspiring, something helpful, something which in its very detachment from ordinary life reconciles us to certain aspects of the human comedy,—tragedy Jefferies would have preferred to call it. As to the philosophy of action in which he came to believe, it can, we think, only be stated and put aside. Looking at the people in a crowded thoroughfare, he asks, "Where then will be the sum and outcome of their labour? If they wither away like summer grass, will not at least a result be left which those a hundred years hence may be the better for? No, not one jot! There will not be any sum or outcome or result of all this ceaseless labour and movement; it vanishes in the moment that it is done, and in a hundred years nothing will be there, for nothing is there now."

But the value of "The Story of My Heart" lies neither in its philosophy nor in its possibility of practical appeal. Its value lies in its expression of a personality which continually sought for beauty, and which had a remarkable power of presenting beauty both as it saw it and as it desired to see it. We are acquainted with no modern book which so persuades us of its author's entire sincerity; conviction is in every line of it; it condenses all the serious thought of a serious and honest life. Four years after its publication that life had closed. In 1889 Richard Jefferies died at the age of thirty-nine. As men write nowadays he had not written much, and of that not all will live. But "The Story of My Heart" is not likely to be forgotten so long as sincerity and beauty attract our race.

Impressions.

VII.—The Son.

He had gone, a pleasant, healthy youth, to London several years ago and London had engulfed him. Young Jonathan Curtis and I had not spoken for a long time, but I had watched him. There was a restaurant where I sometimes lunched at a bay-window table on the first floor, which overlooked a wing of Covent Garden Market. Between a banana salesman's establishment and the muddy windows of a bank stood a draughty shop, where a clerk sat at a high desk and waited, with pen stuck behind his ear, for the carts laden with sacks of potatoes or onions, which, several times a day, would draw up at the shop. A whistle from the driver would call out an undersized man, slight of build, pinched of feature, but active, chirpy, and very lively. He would lift the heavy sacks one by one from the cart, carry them across the pavement, and pile them on the shop floor. That bird-like, knowing-eyed Londoner was young Curtis, the country youth whom London was moulding, fashioning into a man. And one day, an August Bank Holiday afternoon, to be explicit,

my friend Jonathan, the youth's father, took, as it were, the vessel off the potters wheel, held it up to the light, and looked.

Late in the afternoon young Curtis appeared at the cottage, announcing himself from the top of the steps thus: "What ho, Guv'nor! here's little Jonathan of London come to see you." He wore his Sunday clothes—cheap patent shoes, red socks, an ill-fitting tail coat, a very high collar, and a bowler hat, with a feather in it placed "saucy" (his own expression) on his head. The old man greeted him courteously, but there was a swift judgment in his deep eyes that I am glad young Curtis did not observe. I could have wished he had seen his son in his working clothes, carrying the sacks from the cart to the shop. But the lad was quite content, and during a brief talk in the porch of the cottage he revealed what London had done for him. "Where are we living now?" he said; "same Buildings, but we've moved down a floor—slap-up rooms I can tell you! Sent the missis and the kids off to Southend for the day—not many of the other chaps can do that, Guv'nor!" and he placed his hand on the old man's knee; "before long you'll see the name of Jonathan Curtis, Junr., over the shop. I'm all right. Just one more glass of that beer, if I may be so bold as to ask. Thank you." He lit a cigar. "I get them through a friend. Have one?" The old man shook his head, and pulled deeply at his pipe. "A cigar," he continued, "gives a man tone. I always smoke a few whiffs out on the landing of the Buildings on Sunday afternoon. It shows 'em all, better than words, that little Jonathan's climbing. My boy is the only boy in the Buildings as has flannel trousers to play cricket in Saturday afternoons. Oh, yes! Young Curtis is all right. If things go well I shall get a pianer and put it in the corner of the room. Missis play? Oh, no! but it looks well, you know—nice glass of wax flowers on the top, and a tantaliser whisky decanter 'longside. I'm all right. Well, I must be getting along. Guv'nor, it's a pity you've lived out here all your life. London gives a finish to a man, rubs off the angles, and shows what's in 'im."

Young Curtis stood against the sky, tapping his shoe with his cane, showing all his wares, very confident. The old man looked him up and down. "I'll walk with you to the station, boy," he said.

Drama.

J. M. Barrie: Cynic.

MR. BARRIE is really a wonderful man. Of late those of us who once believed in him most had begun to doubt and to despair. We shook our heads and smiled pityingly, and talked about him as an artist *manqué*, the victim of his own irresponsible humour and incorrigible sentimentality, without sufficient literary conscience or singleness of vision to enable him ever to do the wholly right, the triumphant thing. I myself find that less than two months ago I wrote of "Quality Street" that "Mr. Barrie's humour and pathos are his snares as well as his strength; he springs them too readily; and can never resist an irrelevance which, however hurtful to his main purpose, will bear fruit in immediate laughter or tears." Well, I still think that this is true of "Quality Street" in particular, and of most of Mr. Barrie's work up to "The Admirable Crichton" in general. It is certainly not true of "The Admirable Crichton" itself. For here, into the very midst of our conclave, Mr. Barrie flings a play which is almost wholly free from precisely those defects which we were coming to think inherent in him; from which sentimentality is rigidly excluded, and in which the humour, although rich and abundant, is kept in loyal service to the working out of a finely conceived and finely developed theme. That is the worst of it in dealing critically with

these incalculable writers: you stand such a tremendous chance of having to eat your own words sooner or later. I do not know that I need say "the worst of it," for after all the consumption of the bitter mess is a small price to pay for such thorough and unfeigned satisfaction as I for one received from "The Admirable Crichton." But of course it would have been wiser to have hedged from the beginning.

Mr. Barrie has chosen to describe his play as a "fantasy," and the critics have not unnaturally followed suit and explained at some length exactly why "fantasy" is the proper term for it. But if, as I suppose, "fantasy" implies some airy and unsubstantial fabric, markedly out of relation to real life, then "The Admirable Crichton" is not a "fantasy" at all. To me indeed its charm is precisely in this, that for all its delightful whimsies it goes so straight at life. It has the essential seriousness of true comedy, which is always so much more serious than tragedy. By the avenue of laughter it makes for the brain; and if you are merely entertained, and fail to catch Mr. Barrie's earnest, if satirical, comment on this England of his and mine and yours, then I venture to think that it was not for you, this time, that Mr. Barrie was writing. Let me add that the gifts of stagecraft appear to be Mr. Barrie's by right divine, that his invention is inexhaustible, that his dialogue is full of natural wit, and that throughout the play hardly a sentence, hardly a gesture misses its effect. This speaks for Mr. Barrie's interpreters, as well as for himself. When the critical demon has recorded a slight danger of farce in the first act, and a slight danger of drag in the second, it is lulled to sleep. The argument of the piece is an essay on Kingship as illustrated in the life and fortunes of Crichton, butler to the Earl of Loam. Lord Loam is that most ridiculous of created things, a Radical peer. In the interests of equality he invites the servants of his household, at stated intervals, to tea. The custom is disapproved by his daughters, particularly by the insolent beauty, Lady Mary Lasenby, who is engaged to Lord Brocklehurst, and hardly less by Crichton, who has no desire to disturb the hierarchy of the pantry, and moreover, as a philosopher, believes inequality to be according to "natural" law. Circumstances being what they are it is "natural" to him that Lord Loam should be his better. The tea-party occupies Act I. In Act II. Lord Loam is wrecked on a desert island. With him are his daughters and a literary whipper-snapper of a cousin, the Honourable Ernest Woolley; also Crichton and a kitchen-maid, known as Tweeny, on whom Crichton has cast a favourable eye. Lord Loam's capacities do not prove equal to the task of managing a shipwreck, and when he remarks casually that he has seen a hairpin lying on the beach, but has not thought it worth the trouble of picking up, it begins to dawn upon the philosophic butler that circumstances have altered and that, while inequality must still be the law, he is as plainly marked out to be first on the island as his master was at home. His first assertion of authority is the establishment of a rule by which, whenever the Honourable but extremely indolent Ernest gives vent to an epigram, his head is immediately placed in the one bucket. Between Act II. and Act III. there has been a complete transvaluation of all the values. By the energy of Crichton, the whole party has been comfortably fed, clothed and housed. His ingenuity extends to the point of electric light and of a chain of signal beacons all round the island worked by a single lever. He has himself become an undisputed king, has his room and meals apart, and is spoken of with bated breath as "the gov." The girls vie with each other to wait upon him. Lord Loam has sunk into his proper place as the harmless antic of the party, and is known familiarly by all, including the ex-kitchen-maid, as "Daddy." Meanwhile, the island life has proved a natural and wholesome one. Lady Mary, once languid on a sofa, becomes a vital creature in knickerbockers. She swims rivers and

runs down the roe-deer. Even the Honourable Ernest is converted into a useful member of society. It need hardly be said that Mr. Barrie does all this Robinson Crusoe business with extreme gusto. Suddenly the guns of a rescuing ship are heard. It is about to pass the island, but Crichton, after a moment's hesitation, decides to "play the game," and lights the beacons. When the officer with his bluejackets enters, Lord Loam welcomes them with the dignified gratitude of an English peer, and throwing a careless "Come, Crichton!" leads the way from the room.

So far I have analysed merely the play of Mr. Barrie's irony upon the basis of social and political institutions. But that is not all. In the clear lucidity of the island, Mary Lasenby has looked upon and recognised a man. There is a love-scene between her and Crichton, and the coming of the ship, which the rest of the party greet jubilantly, fills these two with dismay. And now how will our prize sentimentalist deal with the situation? Will love prove, as the poets claim, as strong as death, or is it too, like kingship, merely a poor windlestraw upon the tide of chance and circumstance? I suppose that my title for this paper has given away the conclusion. Mr. Barrie is faithful to his irony, even to the point of cynicism. Sentimentality gets, for once, its flick in the face. In Act IV. the Lasenby family is back in Mayfair. Crichton is opening and shutting doors in the trained manner of the perfect servant. Lady Mary is once more engaged to the vacuous Brocklehurst, and talks calmly to her sisters of her "extraordinary lapse" on the island. The Honourable Ernest has written a book in which he ascribes to himself the leading part in the adventure, but alludes handsomely, in a footnote, to the valuable assistance given by the two servants whom the party had taken with them. But the presence of Crichton renders them all a little uneasy, and there is a distinct feeling of relief when he announces his intention of marrying Tweeny and taking a comfortable public-house in the Harrow Road. Very delicately Mr. Barrie plants his moral:—

LADY MARY: Ah! Crichton. You are the best man among us after all.

CRICHTON: The best man on the island, perhaps, my lady, but not the best man in England.

LADY MARY: Perhaps that is the worse for England.

CRICHTON: O, my lady! not even from you can I hear anything against Old England.

Poor England, that has nothing for her strong men to do, except to open and shut doors and to keep public-houses in the Harrow Road! So, I think, Mr. Barrie sees it.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Romney, Mancini, and Others.

Two exhibitions, just opened, invite the intelligent amateur to consider his critical attitude towards portrait painting. At Messrs. Agnew's may be seen certain masterpieces of the English school, each on the line, each a solitary grandee, reposing in a margin of wall. They represent the Past. At the New Gallery are over a hundred examples of portraits by the members of the Society of Portrait Painters. They, with a few exceptions, represent the Present.

Perhaps unwisely, perhaps wisely, I visited Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Raeburn first. Time is on their side, but they, too, are on the side of time. Why these glowing canvases should show no sign of ravage, when many portraits painted a few years ago are already fading or peeling, is a question that must

be answered by the painters themselves. Those who, for the sake of a transitory brilliance, use fugitive colours will perish by that brilliance. Even the great Turner was not beyond this reproach, but with him it was an occasional fiery lapse from wisdom. Time has but mellowed his glorious vision of rolling water, and tossing boats off Calais, which hangs for a few weeks at Messrs. Agnew's. Time which this week has notched the hundredth anniversary of Romney's death has but added to the charm of his "Mrs. Carmichael Smyth." How alive she is! her bright hair, her pretty, troubled eyes, her delicate skin, her white dress with its touch of blue in the ribbon, how simple it all is, and yet how distinguished. Look where you will in this little collection of masterpieces, from Reynolds's wonderful group of the Angerstein Children to Hoppner's "Children of the Godsall Family" gazing out upon the setting sun, and everywhere you find composure and distinction. There is no hint of cleverness, that bane of modern art; no shouting dexterity of technique; no muddle of paint, no distorted action of limbs. These portraits are so simple in composition, that one wonders why any painter should ever attempt to portray a sitter in any other pose or environment. It is the simplicity of greatness—that is all: the greatness of the Gothic Cathedral seen by the architect as a whole before the first stone was laid. These masters kept their experiments, the wild struggle of brain and hand with material, for their studios. We, in these days, hang our experiments on exhibition walls. I left these portraits chastened and grateful: there, in that quiet room, were repose, distinction, the perfect expression of disciplined temperaments, in a word—finality.

I went on my way to the New Gallery, and was quickly switched on to the motor car and halfpenny-press Present. Not by design I walked straight into the room where Mancini's "Portrait of the Artist's Father" hangs. My first thought was: "Dear me! there's been a fire here!" How else explain the rough, blistered-looking, incoherent background that rages around the head of the Artist's Father. Scorching by fire seemed a reasonable explanation of the state of the background, as the head itself is simply, and quite beautifully painted. As for the pieces of metal stuck into the paint, it was suggested to me that they might be fragments of a fireman's helmet splintered into particles through the fall of a girder. But there had been no fire. The portrait is simply the latest expression of the art of portrait painting. Mancini is a man of undoubted talent, an original and powerful painter. If this were not so, his vagaries would not be worth noticing. "But the end justifies the means," his admirers tell me. "If by means of hills and valleys of paint, by the use of foreign objects imbedded in the pigment, he attains his end, why complain?" Possibly Mancini has attained his end. If so, and he is content, all is well. All I can say is that to me the end he has attained in this portrait is the negation of all that pleases in a work of art. If I admire, with an admiration that borders on idolatry, certain portraits of Velasquez, Vandyke and Romney, I cannot like Mancini. Gifts he has, of course. His portrait of "Harold Ponsonby" is vividly alive, the boy's face is charming, the light through the open window is real day, but taken as a whole, the flaunting vulgarity of the composition makes it to me simply disagreeable. It is not the common vulgarity to which some of our painters have accustomed us, but the virile vulgarity of an ebullient personality who swaggers among his fellows with a "take me or leave me" air. And so I leave Signor Mancini.

Roughly, if one desired to classify the portraits at the New Gallery, the result would stand thus: the dashing or Sargent section, the quiet or Whistler section, and the respectable. In a dozen portraits Sargent's influence may be traced, and never, I may say, to the advantage of the imitator. It is so easy to copy the externals, so impossible

to capture the spirit of a great original artist. A lay figure might be constructed from portraits on these walls of Sargent arms, hands, heads, couches, and dresses, but it would look odd. There is nothing by Mr. Sargent at the present exhibition, but his master, M. Carolus Duran, shows an enormous portrait group, "En Famille." You have only to study this crowded, commonplace family gathering, conscientious, but entirely devoid of any inspiration, to see how the pupil, taking what was useful to him from his master, has cultivated and established his own personality.

The influence of Mr. Whistler is less insistent. He has followers, but their low-toned pictures do not clamour as do those of the students of Mr. Sargent's bravura. Mr. Whistler sends one portrait, the child with the faint red cap perched on his faint gold-red hair, called "Garnet and Gold." The hasty visitor might easily overlook this little masterpiece, so modest is its appeal; but perhaps only he who has painted and failed knows the life-work of endeavour and rejection that must have gone to the making of this portrait. Distinction, serenity, repose are its epithets. Look closely: you will find no ridges of pigment, no pieces of metal, only a thin surface of paint caressing the canvas which, here and there, shows through. Near by hang two significant portraits by Mr. C. H. Shannon. One of them, "Mother and Child," betrays the influence of Mr. Watts as well as of Mr. Whistler. Mr. Watts, by the way, sends four portraits. It was a great pleasure to see his "Joachim" and his "Garibaldi" again. These are works in the large manner. They have that indefinable something—detachment from the material, air of finality, that is the secret of the Great Masters. A whisper of their secret is passing by instinct, or by the natural expression of his temperament, into Mr. C. H. Shannon's work. His portrait of Mr. Van Wisselingh is a little too dark for my taste, but the sitter was "well seen," and it certainly has distinction.

I must leave the "respectable" section for another day. But three other painters claim attention. Mr. J. J. Shannon does not rest upon his laurels. It is something of a feat to show in one exhibition radiant virility in his "Mr. Melchers," elusive charm of boyhood in his "John Milner," and decorative treatment of beauty in his "Lady Ulrica Duncombe." In "Herr Peter Hille (Poet)," M. Corinth shows how cleverness can be attractive if compounded with sincerity. Mr. Nicholson in his "Morris Dancer" announces that a man, who cultivates his own garden with extraordinary success, may, when he strays into other allotments, betray his limitations. This Morris Dancer is curious and interesting; a satisfactory portrait, no! But to know what Mr. Nicholson can do, it is only necessary to recall his "Queen," his "Kipling," his "Archbishop of Canterbury," and his "Alphabet." With these, to name but a few, he arrived.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Dangers of Mysticism.

MR. GILBERT sings, if I remember rightly, in his "Iolanthe"—

That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Li-be-ral
Or else a little Con-ser-va-tive,

and it may be said, in like manner, that every one at his birth is gifted with a propensity towards rationalism or towards mysticism. Of rationalism, which may be defined as the love of clearness, the desire for evidence, and the repugnance to believe anything which cannot be understood, or at least demonstrated and verified, there is little

need to speak here. Beginning, perhaps, with the sense of intellectual superiority which, at the outset, distinguished men from the lower animals, it has gradually developed until it has found its highest expression in the Socratic "Why?" and the injunction attributed to the Founder of Christianity: "Be ye approved money changers. Seize the good and reject the evil!" It has probably been one of the most potent levers—if not the most potent lever—whereby man has been raised from a condition in no way superior to that of the beasts of the field, to be the conqueror of Nature, and has from the first conferred numberless benefits upon the human race. But all human virtues have their corresponding defects, and those of rationalism are many and great. Carried to excess, it deprives man of all incentives to exertion save those which spring from a dry and sterile egoism, it forbids to him the self-sacrifice for the good of the tribe which all nations look upon as heroic, and it might even in time deprive life of all beauty and grace. From some of these dangers we are saved by the fact that, as we shall see, rationalism must always be the inheritance of the minority of the human race.

Of mysticism, on the other hand, it is more difficult to find a definition that will command general assent. Using on a former occasion in the *ACADEMY* a definition borrowed from Dr. Max Nordan, I was unlucky enough to rouse the wrath of some of its mystical readers, although, *more suo*, they expended it more upon the attorney than on the case. I do not know whether they would prefer that of a recent French writer on the subject who tells us that mysticism in its largest sense is "the taste for mystery, the love of the supernatural, a propensity to believe by preference everything which is obscure, incomprehensible, or which cannot be explained nor proved." Yet even from this definition it would be easy to show that from mysticism spring the sublime virtues of patriotism, loyalty, and the love of one's neighbour rather than of oneself; and that in it man alone finds the roots of that solidarity—the word, I hope, has attained its English citizenship—which binds together first the family, and then the State, and thus enables men, like other relatively feeble animals, to perform by uniting their strength works which they could never accomplish as individuals. That by inspiring man with a love of and an inspiration towards an ideal, however unattainable, it has been the foundation of all art requires no demonstration.

What then are the dangers which form, as it were, the shadows of these virtues of mysticism? Some, of course, are obvious enough. It has even been said by that especially hard-headed advocate of rationalism, the late Mr. Samuel Laing, that the higher precepts of Christianity, if followed to their logical extent, would produce a flaccid and molluscous personality, the enemy of nobody but itself. But apart from this, the most dangerous, because the most insidious tendency of mysticism lies in that paltering with the truth from which mystics are never very far. The professed mystic who looks upon all terrestrial, or for that matter cosmic, phenomena as symbols of that which is taking place in some transcendental sphere may perhaps be excused if he occasionally loses sense of the reality of things. But long before this stage is reached comes one in which the mystic begins to show signs of an intellectual dishonesty which leads him to think, and soon with all but the noblest natures, to say the thing which is not. Have a controversy with a mystic—I have myself repeatedly made the experiment with my own vile person—and you will find him imputing to you motives that have never moved you, accusing you of blows that you have never struck, and even putting into your mouth statements that you have never made. To this hidden tendency of the mystical temperament must be attributed the slanders which have always envenomed the controversies of religion. The accusation of what may be called ritual immorality, for instance, first made, perhaps, by the Pagans against the

Primitive Church, and quickly retorted by triumphant Christianity against their Pagan accusers, has enjoyed a vogue of at least twenty centuries; and as if to show that it was peculiar to no church or sect, has been successively brought against the Jews, the earlier heretics, the Protestants, and the Catholics themselves until it was the other day revived against the supposed sect of Satanists. Nor can we assign any other origin to the trickery which has always dogged the steps of claimants to mystical knowledge. The magicians or medicine-men of all primitive folk have been proved over and over again to support their pretensions by deception of the senses of their clients, and false miracles, forgeries, and false explanations of natural phenomena have in like manner formed part of the stock-in-trade of every organised religion since the institution of civilisation. Never, perhaps, has this been more clearly shown than in the case of the Spiritualists, who, as Mr. Podmore states in his just-published investigation of the subject, themselves affirm that all professed mediums are in one way or another guilty of fraud.

Does this tendency of the mystical temperament correspond to any marked differentiation or variety in the physical constitution that accompanies it? One would be inclined *a priori* to think so, because it has been noted that the tendency to mysticism is especially the property of certain varieties of the human race. We may not believe, as M. Fouillée states in a late pronouncement, that Semites and Germans of all peoples produce the most mystics, while rationalism is, in a peculiar way, the birth-right of the French. But it seems fairly certain that among the few French mystics, such as Madame Guyon, St. Martin and their fellows, mysticism seems to take a more rational form, and to be feeling back its way, as it were, to a closer correspondence with nature; while if a German or a Semite is mystical, his speculations speedily become so wild and undefined as to prove difficult of apprehension. But a more cogent argument is to be found in experiments that have lately been made at the Salpêtrière and elsewhere, which go far to prove that both mysticism and the tendency to trickery which accompany it, are to be found invariably associated with the temperament called hysterical, and also that the impostures of such patients are never performed with entire consciousness of the act. That this separation, or as it is technically called, "dissociation" of consciousness is really caused by the lower brain-centres which control voluntary action, acting either from congenital defect or acquired disease independently of the higher centres of association and judgment, is likely enough; and this view is supported by the fact that it is among rustics, children, and women who have not undergone the mental discipline of men, that hysterical symptoms most often appear. If this be so, the impostures which, as we have seen, have invariably attended any general outbreak of mysticism do not necessarily argue any great amount of moral guilt on the part of those who practise them. But the human brain is so constituted that the control of the judgment centres over voluntary acts cannot long be abandoned with impunity, and that mental soon brings with it moral degradation can be seen from the numerous cases in which hysterical and mystical persons have succumbed to the temptations of drink, of drugs, and of other forms of immorality inimical to the welfare of the community. For this reason, if for no other, the dabbling in what may be called "the occult arts" of hypnotism, mediumism, crystal-gazing, and even of palmistry and its congeners by amateurs who have on scientific end in view, cannot be too sternly reprobated.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

"A New Religion."

SIR,—I join issue with E. M. H. I do not consider your review of Mr. Podmore's book "able or highly interesting." Neither do I care for the book. I should like to know of anything in this world which is not more or less replete with fraud or adulteration. I have been a staunch Spiritualist twenty-seven years; and I think I have proved there was more fraud in the Law Courts than in Spiritualism; it would be much more to the purpose to decry law and the public-houses. *Spirits*, adulterated or pure, injure the population millions of times more than Spiritualism ever will.

Spiritualism sweeps away all the frauds of all the other religions; it is, therefore, very natural it should be tabooed. I should be very sorry indeed to see it turned into a *New Religion*. We have a great deal too much so-called religion. Theosophy is too hazy for a common-place positive brain which cannot avoid believing only what the eye seeth and the ear heareth.

My mind is quite an open, unprejudiced one; and, if any one can advance any rational theory as to WHAT IT IS, I am quite prepared to abandon my belief in *Spirits* and call Spiritualism by some other name.

As for "begging the question," as I consider Mr. Podmore's book and your review do, I scorn such tactics. —Yours, &c.,

GEORGINA WELDON.

An Explanation.

SIR,—We think that we can give the explanation for the "curious misprint in the date on Plate I." of our facsimile reprint of Blake's "Book of Job," pointed out by your correspondent Mr. T. Edwards Jones in your last issue. We presume that he alludes to the fact that the dates on the title-plate and cover-label do not agree. The discrepancy is thus accounted for by Mr. Gilchrist in his *Life*: "March 8th, 1825, was the publishing date on the plates; the date by which Blake had expected to have finished them. But March 1826 is the date given on the cover, and the correct one."

It may interest you to know that the rapidity with which the bulk of the 500 copies for England have been taken up in the first month is evidence of a wide-spread interest in Blake's art in this country.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. DENT & Co.

29 and 30, Bedford Street, W.C.

OTHER LETTERS SUMMARISED: From Mr. W. E. Wilson we have received a communication on the perennial subject of the identity of the "W. H." of Shakespeare's sonnets.—Mr. C. E. Larter writes in praise of "The River," by Mr. Edin Phillpotts. If Mr. Larter will search our columns he will find that this book was made the subject of a three-column article. We have nothing more to say on "The River."—A soldier, just back from South Africa, pleads for pictures in the ACADEMY.—Mr. Algernon Ashton raps Mr. Arthur Balfour over the knuckles for calling Kubelik a genius.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 165 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best letter to an imaginary friend in the country recommending a book (new or old) which had particularly amused the writer. Many of our competitors have confused interest with amusement, so disqualifying their attempts. We award the prize to Mr. Gascoigne Mackie, Cambridge Road, Clacton-on-Sea, for the following:—

WHAT IS ART?

Read Tolstoy's "What is Art?" Turn to Chapter X. and absorb gratefully the notes on Modern French Poets. "I have copied out of each volume," says he, "the poem which happened to stand on page 28." So might Elisha have examined the first literary efforts of those who called him "Bald-head." The she-bears are superfluous. The rugged Russian rends the foes of the prophet for himself with pitiless impartiality. Then there is a thumb-nail sketch of the peasant who came to demand of the Russian Government why in the world a statue had been raised to the immoral Pushkin—that enquiring peasant must have gone far by now—Canada perhaps. Don't overlook the lady-novelist and her hero with a feather in his cap, à la Guillaume Tell! But the crowning joy is Tolstoy's description of a Wagnerian Opera. I have ceased to wonder why the stars twinkle.

Other letters follow:

CONGREVE'S PLAYS.

From the abode of bustle and din I write you in the haste becoming a worthy citizen. Moping over your rural relaxation I sought solace in the book-stalls yesterday, and found a second-hand "Congreve's Plays." Since then I have ceased to envy you. Read them! A former owner has pencilled on the title-page: "If I could stand apart from Life and Sorrow and Pain, and watch them play with the Rest of Men, how could I laugh!" But that man wasn't well, Alf; "for there are times when sense may be unseasoned as well as truth" (Congreve). In these plays don't expect "soul," "passion," "poetry," or even "depth of character": for all is sparkingly dippant and indecorous. The fantastic rignarole of dedication and the high falutin' prologue and epilogue are great fun. He also professes to start with moral and plot. Never mind!

[T. E. O., Brighton.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

Your demand for "a really funny book" is almost pathetic. Most of them, now-a-days, are quite unconsciously humorous: writers take themselves far too seriously. But there is a book I can recommend, if your sense of humour is somewhat cynical. It is called "The Confessions of a Wife." The heroine is selfish, morbid, and unutterably silly. She tells you unspeakably outrageous things with the most placid assurance in the world. Certain of your sympathy, she takes it for granted; and though you are roaring in her face, she continues her tale of woe with a rapid tongue that never tires. Dorothy was in fits over it the other night; it cured her of a headache. Truly, laughter is the King of all physicians! I am sending the book to-day; the style of humour is quite different from that of Jacobs or Anstey.

[C. F. K., Manchester.]

THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL.

Why did we promise Mary to read that hateful book?—and—word of honour—have you read it yet? You'll be amused, old chap, that's the worst of it. Three fatuous Cockneys wandering about misunderstanding Germany, and sniggering at the consequences, are bound to set up a titter now and then in bosoms as sophisticated as are (thank Heaven) our own. I have, as a matter of fact, spent the evening spluttering with laughter over the accursed book.

We were both born with an extra sensibility to anecdotes, and (as I begin to fear) we have bred it up in each other to a mania. That is why I recommend the thing (I am recommending the thing). There's a delicious tale about a friendly mongrel foisting itself upon a poor but honest traveller. You will laugh immensely. Sterne will not grudge you the evening—he will gain by it.

[S. A. G., Frankfurt.]

BETTER DEAD.

For your present mood, I would recommend Barrie's "Better Dead": to my shame, I prefer it to any other of its distinguished author's works. It is one of those books that a man of humorous genius can only write once in his life—that is when he is young and his animal spirits carry him away. It is a pure extravaganza, a sort of anticipatory travesty of Barrie's later self in his serious moods. There is nothing to stem one's laughter, and the fun is set off by a mock gravity of which only Scotch humourists have the entire secret. You will not say of "Better Dead" as you did of Mark Twain's last book, that, though you are constrained to laugh, it is against your better judgment. Wit is here in abundance; and absurdity attains a transcendental sense only to be paralleled in our admired G. B. S.

[W. H., London.]

We add a list of other books selected by other competitors:—

"Borrowed Plumes."
"An Edinburgh Eleven."
"The Path to Rome."
"Celebrities and I."
"The Knight of Gwynne."
"Sea Urchins."

"The Skipper's Wooing."
Frederick Harrison's "Ruskin."
"The Wonderful History of Peter Schemmel."
Cowley's "Essays."
"The Little White Bird". (3).

"Vanity Fair."
 "Many Cargoes" (2).
 "The Golden Age."
 "Troy Town" (2).
 "The Bachelors Club."
 "The Human Boy."
 "Pamela."

"Plays, Pleasant and Un-
 pleasant."
 "The Cardinal's Snuff Box."
 "Young April."
 "The River."
 "Cecilia."
 "The Refugees."

Competition No. 166 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best comment, not to exceed 150 words, on any article, review, or paragraph appearing in this number of the ACADEMY.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 26 November, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL COMPETITION.

We have received 115 Tales suitable for Reading Aloud to a Child. The successful story will be published in our Christmas number on December 6th.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Wakeford (Rev. John), *The Way to the Father* (Wells Gardner) net 2/0
 Rickersteth (M. Cyril), *Letters to a Godson* (Mowbray) net 3/6
 De La Warr (Constance, Countess), *Translated by, The Mirror of Perfection* (Burns & Oates) 5/0
 Scott (C. Anderson), *The Making of a Christian* (Atkinson) 1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Holmes (Edmond), *The Triumph of Love* (Lane) net 3/6
 Whitby (Charles J.), *The Ness King* (Unicorn Press) net 5/0
 Pic (J. Vesian), *The Foreign Woman* (Sonnenschein) net 2/6
 Lowe (David), *A Man of Leisure: A Play in three Acts* (Wilson) net 2/6
 Pradeau (Gustave), *A Key to the Time Allusions in the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri* (Methuen) 3/6
 Gibson (Wilfrid Wilson), *The Queen's Vigil and other Song* (Matthews) net 1/0
 Gibson (Elizabeth), *The Burden of Love* () net 1/0
 Chambers (C. Haddon), *The Awakening: A Play in four Acts* (Heinemann) 1/6
 Watson (William), *Selected Poems* (Lane) net 3/6
 Baring (Maurice), *The Black Prince, and other Poems* () net 5/0
 Grein (J. T.), *Dramatic Criticism. Vol. III.* (Greening) 3/6
 Phillimore (John Swinerton), *translated and explained by, The Athenian Drama. Vol. II. Sophocles* (Allen) net 7/6
 Adams (Arthur H.), *The Nazarene: A Study of a Man* (Welby) net 4/6
 Harte (Bret) and Pemberton (T. Edgar), *Sue: A Play in three Acts* (Greening) 2/6
 Reed (Sir Edward), *Poems* (Richards) net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Kruger (President), *Memoirs. 2 Vols.* (Unwin) 32/0
 Whitman (Sidney), *Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck* (Murray) net 12/0
 Snow (Alpheus H.), *The Administration of Dependencies* (Putman's) net 15/0
 Lonsbury (Thomas R.), *Shakespeare and Voltaire* (Nutt) net 7/6
 Dorman (Marcus R. P.), *A History of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. I.* (Kegan Paul) net 12/0
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 Hobhouse (Emily), *The Brunt of the War, and where it Fell* (Methuen) 6/0
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 Workman (Herbert R.), *The Dawn of the Reformation. Vol. II.* (Kelly) 3/6
 Edited by His Wife, *The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Frederick Max Müller. 2 Vols.* (Longmans) net 32/0
 The Intelligence Officer, *On the Heels of De Wet* (Blackwood) 6/0
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 Jamieson (John), *Tell the Cat; or Who Destroyed the Scottish Abbeys?* (Mackay) net 3/6
 Warren (Sir Charles), *On the Velit in the Seventies* (Isbister) 16/0
 Players of the Day. Part II. (Newnes) net 0/7
 Our King and Queen. Part XVI. (Hutchinson) net 0/7
 Scottish History and Life. (Maclehose) net 42/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

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 Armitage (Harold), : Greuze 1/0
 MacColl (D. S.), *Nineteenth Century Art* (Maclehose) net 10s 0
 "The Art Journal." Volume for 1902 (Virtue) 21/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Caulfield (S. F. A.), *House Mottoes and Inscriptions* (Stock) 5/0
 Ross (Martin), and Somerville (E. G.), *A Patrick's Day Hunt* (Constable) 6/0
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 "The Sunday Magazine." Volume 1902 (Isbister) 7/6
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 Brownrigg (C. E.), *edited by, The Analysis of Xenophon. Book I.* (Blackie) 1/6
 Mérimée (Prosper), *Colomba* () 1/6
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 Mardon (H. W.), *A Geography of Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan* () 2/0
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 Molière, (Little French Classics), *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* () 0/8
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 Schiller, (Little German Classics), *Select Ballads* () 0/6
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We have also received 18 Juvenile Books and 30 volumes of New Editions.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

It is interesting to learn that Messrs. Blackie and Son received a batch of proof sheets from Mr. Henty on the very day that he was struck down by paralysis. The amount of his unpublished work is uncertain, but we may look for at least one new book during 1903. It is not generally known that it was owing to the solicitations of his crew, who were devoted to him, that he was not removed from his yacht as had at first been decided. This is one more instance of the magnetism of the man. Strangers used to write to him, almost as a matter of course, from all over the English-speaking world. To the boys of Great and Greater Britain alike he was a very real force, doing more unconsciously for the cause of Anglo-Saxon union than scores of professional speech-makers.

The "Three Years War," by Christian Rudolf de Wet, will be published by Messrs. Constable & Co. on December 1. Some idler or other busied himself in counting the exact number of times that Pierre Loti used the French words for "I" in his inaugural address to the Academy. The following list of headings suggests a somewhat similar exploitation of the personal pronoun: "I go on Commando as a Private Burgher—I am appointed Vecht General—I make Lord Kitchener's acquaintance—I am driven into the Transvaal—I return to the Free State—I fail to enter Cape Colony—I cut my way through 60,000 Troops—I go to the Transvaal with President Steyn." As a matter of fact, however, no human being has a better right to this attitude than De Wet. Moreover, it is not so much the South African War that one wants from him in a book of this kind as the impress of his own personality.

Many people will welcome Mr. Rider Haggard's "Rural England," which is coming from Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. on the 25th of this month. This volume contains, with additional matter, the substance of the author's letters to the "Daily Express." The object of the book, as of the letters, is to suggest a means of keeping on the soil what is left of our rural population. Like that profound study of Rural France, "La Terre qui Meurt," Mr. Haggard's book is a protest against the world movement towards the great cities.

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